

A black and white photograph of a mountain village. In the foreground, a small cluster of buildings, including a church with a prominent steeple, is nestled in a valley. The village is surrounded by dense evergreen trees. In the background, a large, rugged mountain with patches of snow or light-colored rock rises steeply. The sky is dark and overcast. The overall scene is serene and picturesque.

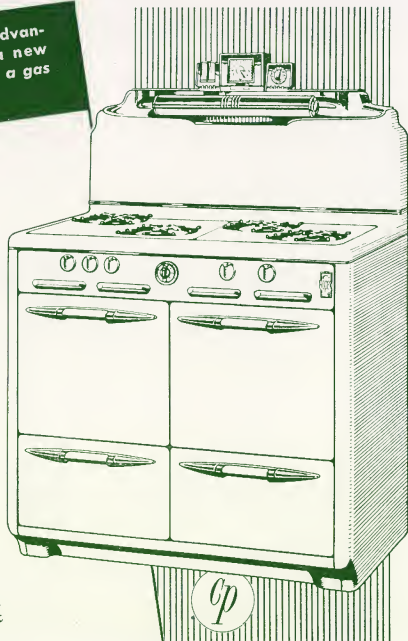
# *The Improvement Era*

JANUARY 1948

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- 9 *Speed unrivaled by any other method.* No "warm-up." Gas reaches full heat instantly.



Illustrated: The "Roper," one of many makes, in numerous models, built to "CP" standards. Choose the one that best meets your requirements.



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*The West Prefers*

# GAS

*Better • Quicker • Cheaper*

**MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY**  
*Serving twenty-six Utah and Wyoming Communities*



# EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR

THE heart rate of several small birds has been measured by Dr. Eugene P. Odum. The resting rate varies from about 135 beats a minute for the mourning dove to 615 for the ruby-throated hummingbird. The maximum rate after flying, vigorous exercise, or excitement was 570 for the mourning dove, but for the much smaller song sparrow, canary, and chipping sparrow it was over 1,000, and the common English sparrow was about 900.

IN British Honduras there is a "double snake," the front section of which has bands across its body like a poisonous coral snake, with bright black, white, and red bands. The rest of the snake has lengthwise stripes of dark and light brown, similar in appearance to another snake. The snake has the appearance of two different snakes spliced together.

IN 1945, New Year's day was designated on January 1 for those who use the Georgian calendar, on February 2 for the Chinese, on September 8 for the Jews, December 6 for the Moslems, and on March 20 for the Persians.

WHEN the Gregorian calendar replaced the Julian in 1752, the Julian was eleven days ahead. In England, September 2, 1752, was followed by September 14, which led to rioting by crowds who wanted back the eleven days. Russia did not adopt the new calendar until 1917; Yugoslavia and Rumania, 1919; and Greece, 1923; by which time it was necessary to skip thirteen days to make the change. The present calendar is still too long by twenty-six seconds an average year.

PHOTOGRAPHIC murals on walls are possible with a new process. A jelly-like emulsion can be melted and painted on many types of surfaces making the surface sensitive to photographic reproduction, and the picture can be directly printed on the wall.

THE Department of Agriculture laboratory at Peoria, Illinois, has found that the carbon in an automobile engine can be blasted off and the metal quickly made to shine by blowing with a mixture of sixty percent ground corn cobs and forty percent ground rice hulls from an ordinary sand-blasting machine.

1948 JANUARY 1948

*get set to serve  
1,000 meals!*



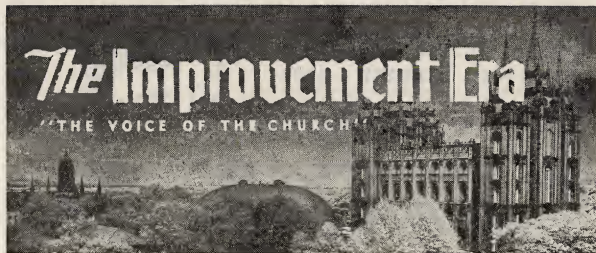
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*use the menu magic of*  
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January  
1948

VOLUME 51  
NUMBER 1

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

## The Editor's Page

Counsel for a New Year.....George Albert Smith 11

## Church Features

Uruguay, New Mission Field.....Albert L. Zobell, Jr. 15  
Eastern States Mission Centennial Chorus.....Douglas H. Parker 16  
Centennial Year in Argentina.....  
.....Lyman S. Shreeve and Benjamin Mortensen 17  
Evidences and Reconciliations: CXIX—Which Is Greater—Priest-  
hood or the Church?.....John A. Widsoe 33  
The Church Moves On.....4 No-Liquor-Tobacco Column.....39  
Dear Gleaner:.....8 The Presiding Bishopric's Page.....40  
Melchizedek Priesthood.....38

## Special Features

The Vaudois Revisited.....Archibald F. Bennett 12  
From Sagebrush to Symphony—Leroy J. Robertson.....  
.....Oliver R. Smith 18  
Do You Know How to Read?.....Thomas Stuart Ferguson 20  
If I Were a Young Bride—Let's Talk It Over.....Mary Brentnall 21  
... and so the Movies!.....Marba C. Josephson 25  
The Spoken Word from Temple Square.....Richard L. Evans 29  
Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Homing: Housecleaning Made Easy.....34  
Harris, Jr. 1 Katherine Dissinger.....34  
Partitioning Palestine: These Times, Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nich-  
G. Homer Durham.....3 ols.....35  
The Scout Citizen at Work, Rock On the Bookrack.....42  
M. Kirkham.....6 Your Page and Ours.....64

## Editorials

Each Day a New Year.....Marba C. Josephson 32

## Stories, Poetry

Mulek of Zarahemla—Chapter I.....J. N. Washburn 22  
Hole in the Rock—Conclusion.....Anna Prince Redd 26  
Frontispiece: Hunger, Hallie Grigg.....9 Counterpoint, Dorothy Marie  
Poetry Page.....10 Davis.....37  
Shaft of Words, Christie Lund On Ensign Bench, Edna S. Dustin.....54  
Coles.....14

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50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah

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All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

### Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include address slip from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

## The Cover

TYPICAL of the many snow-bound, cold-infested, hunger-ridden towns in Europe this winter, is the little village in eastern France pictured on the cover. Behind the beauty of many scenes like this lie want and need and suffering as expressed by this month's frontispiece on page nine. As another year begins we again call attention to these facts with the hope that in many a new year's resolution will be included a determination to do even more to help alleviate the misery of a sick world. Only when peace and plenty return and world happiness becomes a reality can the outward loveliness of pictures like the one on the cover be fully enjoyed.

The photograph was taken by Andre de Dienes, and adapted for cover use by Charles Jacobsen.



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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# PARTITIONING PALESTINE

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM  
Director of the Institute of Government,  
University of Utah



ON November 29, 1947, the United Nations General Assembly voted, thirty-three to thirteen, to divide Palestine into separate Jewish and Arab states. A board consisting of representatives of five nations (Czechoslovakia, Denmark, the Philippines, Panama, and Bolivia) was given an appropriation of \$2,000,000 to carry out the partition plan by October 1, 1948.

THE plan, steered largely by the American delegation, found the United Socialist Soviet Republics and the United States in agreement. Both voted "yes" for partition. Greece, supposedly under American domination, voted "no" and Yugoslavia, a Russian satellite, abstained. Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Pakistan—all Mohammedan states, voted "no." All nations having a Moslem element of consequence, or located (Asia) in proximity thereto, voted "no" or abstained. Nonetheless, the majority of thirty-three was sufficient to carry the measure. What is the plan?

Submitted November 19, 1947, the plan provides that the British, who now control Palestine under a League of Nations mandate, shall withdraw by August 1, 1948. Independent Arab and Jewish states shall come into existence two months after the British withdrawal and "in any case not later than October 1, 1948." Each state will lack compact, contiguous territory, and the prediction that violent civil war between Jews and Arabs will occur as soon as the British leave has basis in geography as well as culture. For example, the Jews are given most of the Mediterranean coast, including the stretch from Haifa to Tel Aviv. The city of Jaffa, immediately south and bordering on Tel Aviv, is entirely surrounded by Jewish territory but is given to the Arab state. The interior of Palestine, from "Dan to Beersheba," becomes the province of the Arab state. Included is historic Judea with the cities of Hebron and Bethlehem. Jerusalem, located in the center of this Arab area, "is to be established as a *corpus separatum*, under a special international regime," to be administered by the trusteeship council of the United Nations. This new international city, like Trieste, is to be governed by a governor appointed by the trusteeship council (on which the United States, Britain, France, China, and the Soviet Union will have to agree). The re-

port specifies that Jerusalem shall have in addition a city council, "elected by adult residents of the city" with powers of legislation and taxation. Thus three entities are to emerge from Palestine, storm center of the Middle East: an Arab state; a Jewish state; and a new international city, Jerusalem!

HOW ARE the new governments to be established? By April 1, 1948, before the British power withdraws, the five-power United Nations commission is to appoint "provisional councils of government" in each state. These provisional councils must hold before October 1, 1948, constitutional conventions to draft "a democratic constitution" for each state under which permanent governments will be elected.

WHAT about the relations between two such close and bitter neighbors? The present interest of the U.N., to be enforced through the five-power commission, is to require economic union between the two states including a customs union, a joint currency, railway, highway, postal, telephone, ports and airports system; joint development of irrigation, reclamation, and soil conservation; equal access ("on a non-discriminatory basis") to water and power facilities—all to be effected through a joint economic board.

THIS is the emerging pattern, accompanied by violence and bloodshed, of a future for Palestine. International organization is to be given a severe trial in attempting to fashion political separation and economic unity between Jews and Arabs. This land-bridge of three continents, birthplace of the alphabet and western religious culture, is as good a place as any to undertake anew the great experiment as to whether men of different races, faiths, and national loyalties can learn to live together, side by side in peace. If successful, this notable decision by the United Nations, might provide precedent for other significant developments. But will the Arab states, who stalked coldly out of the General Assembly November 29, 1947, accept it? Here is a continuing problem in these times. Can Isaac and Ishmael, Jacob and Esau, forget their differences and recall their common brotherhood under Father Abraham?

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GUY TOOMBES, Managing Director

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A Penny  
A piece!



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Yes—comparison proves—Fisher's Biskit Mix IS better . . . and saves you money, too. Get a package today!



IN EITHER PACKAGE

# The Church



## Northwestern States Mission

**T**HE First Presidency has appointed Joel Richards, former bishop of the Salt Lake City Twenty-seventh Ward, Emigration Stake, as president of the Northwestern States Mission, with headquarters in Portland, Oregon.

President Richards succeeds President Samuel E. Brighurst in this position. President Brighurst had suffered a serious illness, but had recovered to fulfill his desire to complete his mission. He will return to his home in Murray, Utah.



SAMUEL E. BRIGHURST



JOEL RICHARDS

President Richards filled a mission to Great Britain from 1910 to 1913, where he served as president of the Liverpool conference. He served as bishop for seventeen years, and since his release in 1939, has been a member of the high council of both the Ensign and the Emigration Stakes. He is the son of President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve.

Mrs. Richards, who will accompany him on this mission, is a guide on Temple Square and a former member of the general board of the Primary Association.

## Welfare Shipments

**T**HREE carloads of wheat, produced by the three Canadian stakes—Lethbridge, Taylor, and Alberta—have been sent to the Saints in Germany, as part of the welfare plan. The wheat was parceled into six-pound bags, fifteen bags to a sack, for easier distribution at its destination.

At the same time, it was announced that a carload of condensed milk had been shipped to Europe from the Los Angeles region, making a grand total of over ninety carloads of food that the Church has donated to war-ravaged nations in Europe.

## Joseph Christenson

**B**ISHOP JOSEPH CHRISTENSON, whose name has been synonymous with temple work and genealogical activity

for over a half century, died November 17, at the age of eighty-two.

At the time of his death he was vice president of the Genealogical Society of the Church, a member of the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, assigned to the genealogical committee, and a member of the staff at the Church historian's office.

He was one of the first ordinance workers in the Salt Lake Temple after it opened in 1893. In 1894 he was called on a special mission to the Saints residing in the Salt Lake Temple district to interest them in temple work. He was a recorder at the temple for many years, and was chief recorder from 1916 to 1929, when he entered the temple presidency, serving as second counselor and then as first counselor until 1938. He was a former bishop of the Salt Lake City Tenth Ward.

## Missionaries

**F**OUR THOUSAND and five fulltime missionaries were reported to be in the field in mid-November, by Franklin J. Murdock, mission secretary. This number was expected to decline as missionaries completed their missions and were released to come home in time for the Christmas season, but it would increase as additional missionaries were called early in 1948.

## Primary Board

**E**LVA KILLIAN, a schoolteacher in Sandy, Utah, has been named to the general board of the Primary Association. Long active in Church auxiliary work, she was activity counselor in the Salt Lake Stake Mutual Improvement Association when this call to the general board came. She has filled a mission to the Southern States where she was M.I.A. supervisor.

## President Smith Sends Celery

**P**RESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH late in November sent cartons of Utah celery to President Harry S. Truman at Washington, D.C., and to President Miguel Aleman at Mexico City.

## Portrait

**L**EE GREENE RICHARDS has recently completed an oil portrait of President George Albert Smith, which will be hung in the Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company, with the portraits of President Heber J. Grant and President Joseph F. Smith.



## Greek Wheat

Yours is a gift which will bring comfort and relief to thousands of hungry Greeks and it will be all the more welcome representing as it does the compassionate sympathy of our Christian brothers in America.

So wrote Archbishop Athenagoras of New York City, national chairman of the Greek War Relief Association, in appreciation to President George Albert Smith, for the gift, by the Church, of some forty tons of wheat which was sent to Greece in November.

## Budge Hospital

THE Budge Memorial Hospital at Logan, Utah, is the newest member of the family of hospitals operated by the Church. The one-hundred-bed, fully-accredited unit, was acquired through the cooperation of the seven stakes in the Logan area, working with the Presiding Bishopric.

Other Church hospitals include the L.D.S. Hospitals at Salt Lake City and Idaho Falls; the Dee Memorial Hospital, Ogden, and smaller hospitals at Roosevelt and Panguitch, Utah; and Afton, Wyoming. Another hospital is under construction at Fillmore, Utah, and two more have been approved for construction, at St. George and Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

## RADIO SERIES

PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., will deliver a series of radio addresses in conjunction with the symphony orchestra of Brigham Young University, beginning Sunday evening, January 11, at 9:00, on the Church radio hour on KSL. The symphony orchestra will be under the direction of Professor Leroy J. Robertson, who will be assisted by Lawrence W. Sardon of the music department at the university.

## Speech Convention

ON Monday evening, December 29, the Mutuals presented, at the request of the Speech Association of America, the American Educational Theater Association, The American Speech Correction Association, the National University Extension Association Committee on Debate, and the Western Speech Association, who were meeting in convention in Salt Lake City, a program in the Salt Lake Tabernacle showing the Mutual Improvement Association program in action, by depicting its recreational activities.

# Two Proven Source Material REFERENCE BOOKS



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To understand fully "the why" of Joseph Smith and Mormonism the story should begin, not with him in 1805, but 4000 years ago with his literal ancestors: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph and Ephraim. The recorded promises of God to them and their descendants give a perfectly logical basis for every claim of divine power and priesthood leadership made by Joseph Smith and the church he established.

By James H. Anderson \$2.00

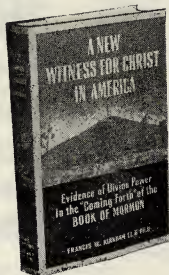
## A NEW WITNESS FOR CHRIST IN AMERICA

The historical proof of the truth of the Book of Mormon has never been presented more fully or convincingly than in this book. . . . It is a notable book.—Dr. John A. Widtsoe.

I congratulate you on making available this valuable book. It should be read by every truth seeker interested in the field of religion. —Joseph F. Merrill.

By Dr. Francis W. Kirkham

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# The SCOUT CITIZEN at Work

In his HOME—COMMUNITY—NATION—WORLD

**T**HE Scout Citizen at Work" is the slogan for the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America. Yes, it is more than a slogan; it is the title of a planned program of action lasting the entire year.

So the rallying cry must be "United We Work" to build and conserve the best in home life, to improve the community in which we live, to serve the nation through conservation of natural resources, and united we work to build international good will—through understanding and appreciation of the citizens of other lands.

The First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has approved February 1, 1948, as Scout Sunday throughout the Church to open Boy Scout Week. The Sunday evening service will be devoted to a special Scout program in all the wards of the Church. This Scout Sunday is a part of the national Boy Scout annual celebration of the anniversary of the founding of scouting in America.

The spiritual values of scouting should be emphasized in a carefully prepared program. Ward and stake leaders of the Church should be encouraged to express their faith in the program and to give instructions to Scout units as to their religious opportunities and obligations. A suggested program is listed below:

## "A SCOUT IS REVERENT"

Opening Song .....  
 "Lord, Accept Our True Devotion"  
 Colors Presentation .....  
 Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag  
 Senior Patrol Leader  
 Opening Prayer ..... A Senior Scout  
 Musical Number(s) ..... Scout, Senior  
 Scout, or Aaronic Priesthood Chorus  
 A Scout is Reverent ..... A Boy Scout  
 (5 minutes)  
 How Scouting is Building My Boy .....  
 A Mother  
 (5 minutes)  
 Musical Number ..... Instrumental or solo  
 Musical Number ..... Instrumental or solo by a  
 member of the Troop or the Senior Unit  
 Talk—"The Scout Citizen at Work" .....  
 Explorer or Senior Scout  
 (10 minutes)

By ROCK M. KIRKHAM

National Director, L.D.S. Church  
Service, Boy Scouts of America

Talk—"Spiritual Opportunity for Growth  
 Through Scouting" .....  
 Ward or Stake Scout Leader  
 (20-30 minutes)  
 Scout Oath .....  
 All Scouts, Senior Scouts, and Leaders  
 Benediction ..... A Boy Scout  
 Closing Song .....  
 "I'll Serve the Lord While I Am Young"

The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was granted a first-class council charter to utilize the Boy Scout program as part of the Y.M.M.I.A. on May 21, 1913. Throughout 1948, scouting in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will celebrate this thirty-fifth anniversary. Boy Scout Week will inaugurate the first of a series of events. We urge every leader of youth to help us realize our slogan of, "Every Boy of Scout Age A Registered Member of a Scout Troop or a Senior Unit" and "A Registered Scout Troop and a Senior Unit (Explorer Post) in every ward of the Church."

**D**URING 1948 every scouting unit should plan a real live demonstration of "The Scout Citizen at Work." Suggested service is listed below:

## IN HIS HOME

**Food**—Produce and save food, grow gardens, produce meat, and preserve food for family use; save food for distribution abroad; control rats, mice, and insects which destroy food.

**Community Improvement**—Beautify home yards, repair lawns; plant flowers and shrubbery; share perennial bulbs and plants; do odd jobs around the house; replace washers, glass, lamp cords, sash cords; clean up and paint up; do the same for a neighbor or shut-in.

**Conservation**—Rebuild depleted soil; set out bird feeders and houses. feed birds; plant shrubs to attract birds; let fence rows grow to shelter  
 (Concluded on page 8)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# PRIESTHOOD, SUNDAY SCHOOL, M. I. A., RELIEF SOCIETY, PRIMARY

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Study Guide .....	\$ .35

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Second Intermediate—Old Testament set .....	\$1.50
Junior Department—Church History set, 96 pictures .....	\$3.00

### HELPFUL BOOKS OF REFERENCE:

Nursery, Kindergarten, Primary—A STORY TO TELL .....	\$2.00
MY PICTURE BOOK OF SONGS .....	\$2.50
First Intermediate—ESSENTIALS IN CHURCH HISTORY .....	\$2.50
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FROM BABEL TO CUMORAH .....	\$2.25
STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON—Pierce .....	\$3.00

### M. I. A.

See "Recommended Readings for M. I. A." Advertised on page 50.

#### Visual Aids:

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Basketball films—ball handling, defensive footwork, basket shooting.

Boy Scout films.

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GOSPEL QUOTATIONS By Judge Henry H. Rolapp.....	\$1.25

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## Dear Gleaner:

**H**ELLO! If you have time to chat a few minutes, link your arm in mine and let's take a stroll while we talk.

This has been a time for rejoicing, for giving, for brotherly love and good cheer—a gloriously busy and exciting time. We all have plans, hopes, and dreams. At the height of all the traditional excitement, let us think about our Gleaner heritage and the joy it would bring if we but magnify its purposes.

There is endless opportunity in being a Gleaner—opportunity which if accepted would mean daily action. When we see wrong that we might have righted; good that we might have done; or when we are not at peace with ourselves, I feel that we have little claim to the name Gleaner. How great would be our joy and our strength if the devotion to service exemplified in the life of Ruth the Gleaner were an ever active part of each day.

So I've been thinking that we might determine a plan of action through which we would show our appreciation for what our Gleaner membership means to us, and at the same time, be blending our lives into the pattern given us by our Savior. Possibly these ideas will fit right into your New Year plans.

As we make our New Year's visits, let us leave at each home and in every heart some part of ourselves—maybe just an honest smile; a firm handclasp;

maybe just cheery words, words of enthusiasm or appreciation or love. Maybe it will be simply our conviction and faith in the goodness of life that we'll leave.

Then, too, it's a good time to write the notes of admiration and appreciation that might not have been written. I know lots of people who have given of themselves to me, and to whom I owe endless gratitude. Let us write our thanks and, who knows, maybe some smile will be brighter, maybe some heart lighter!

As our fires burn warm and bright, let us remember that there are those to whom a friendly hand, an invitation to share with us would mean more than could be expressed. As we extend the warmth and joy in our homes to others, perhaps our Maker will see that we are grateful for his goodness to us. Specifically, perhaps we will be showing our gratitude for the warmth of Gleaner friendships and Gleaner circles.

In the Savior's heart there was room for every living human being, even the most shunned, the most despised, and the sinful. Let us not forget then that our plan of action has reason to be extended to all mankind.

So, dear Gleaner, I feel that only when our lives are full of service will we be living as a Gleaner has the privilege of living, and as our Master directed us to live.

Affectionately yours,

*Yvonne W. Cassity*

Yvonne W. Cassity

## THE SCOUT CITIZEN AT WORK

(Concluded from page 6)

game; manage woodlot property; plant trees; save furniture, newspapers, magazines, clothing, fats and oils.

**Health**—Suggest medical check-up for members of family; improve diet; form good health habits; keep up first-aid kit; control harmful plants; campaign against flies and harmful insects.

**Safety**—Check up on and correct safety hazards in the home; maintain fire extinguishers; keep sand available for icy walks; learn safety methods; prevent fires.

IN HIS COMMUNITY, NATION, AND  
IN HIS WORLD

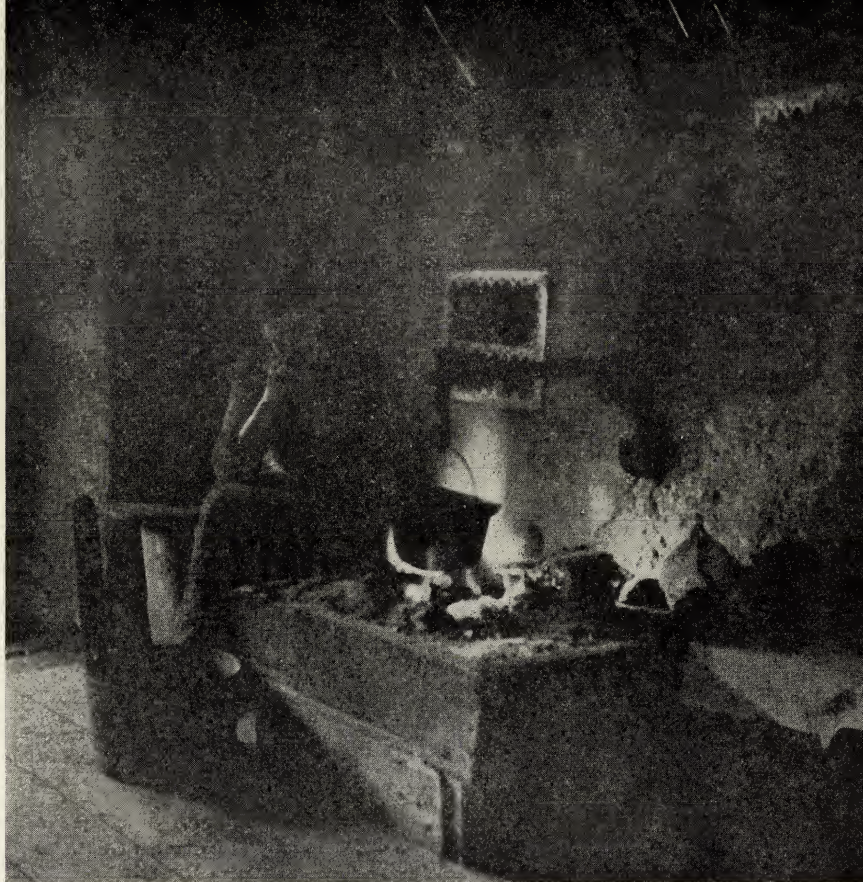
**Ward**—Improve grounds; repair books; fix furniture; distribute bul-

letins; decorate auditorium and amusement hall on special occasions; distribute flowers to the sick; messenger service.

**Community Improvement**—Collect surplus and waste shrubs and garden plants and distribute for planting; improve landscaping around public buildings; beautify school grounds, playgrounds and parks; share in clean-up and paint-up campaigns in community and neighborhood.

**Collections and Distribution**—Collect clothing for welfare and relief agencies; collect books for hospitals, libraries and shut-ins; collect and distribute holiday packets to needy; distribute circulars for service groups, collect newspapers and magazines.





# HUNGER

*By Hallie Grigg*

*T*HE heart of Rachel for her children weeps  
Beholding how their sorrows multiply  
When the vague hunger shadow grimly creeps  
Like a dark cloud across the lowering sky.  
And ears are startled as folk plead for bread,  
Exploited by war's wanton wastefulness.  
"Depart hence," say men, "be ye clothed and fed,"  
Yet often fail to help their dire distress;  
Till famine reaches forth its bony hands  
To rouse them from their deep complacency,  
While God's own hourglass pours out its sands;  
Men must have food as well as liberty.  
In giving to the poor we lend to one  
Who waits to say to those who give, "Well done!"



## PRAYER AT THE NEW YEAR

By Sylvia Young

WHILE still the yule log burns, a year is born.

While Christmas candles gleam across the snow,

A year is new again; the old is done;  
And in these days before me I would show  
More gratitude, and may I learn to weed  
The roots of envy from my heart, and share

More willingly with others. I would be  
Less selfish and a little more aware  
Of human need for love and sympathy,  
For kindly words, and may I learn to see  
More of the good in others. I would live  
A fuller life, a little less for me.  
A year is born once more at Christmas time

While humble hearts remember him. I pray  
That I, too, shall remember all the year,  
And be a Christian truly every day.

## PRAYER FOR 1948

By Dorothy Hobson

THE weapons that men wield  
Are new,  
But the sin is old;  
Lord, what are we to do?  
What shield is there, what shield  
To thrust between, to hold  
Apart  
Cain's hand from Abel's heart?

## JANUARY

By Marijane Morris

HE stands outside my door, his cape  
Of white in folds about his feet.  
He wears a sprig of evergreen  
Once tinselled bright and forest-sweet.

Some folk would not invite him in,  
But I don't mind his stay at all.  
You see, I bottled yellow sunshine  
And stored it on my shelves last fall.

## STAR-MUSIC

By Edythe Hope Genee

EACH night I walk a lonely silent road  
To where you are . . .  
The moon drifts down its powdered silver  
dust

From arches far  
Above: the red hibiscus lifts her darkened  
bells

Toward the sea,  
Where far-off tides, insistent, plead  
Implovingly.

Across the curve of night I hear your voice,  
A thread of sound

That runs along the edges of the wind,  
Along the ground

Where my stumbling feet will wait  
To heed your call.

The lonely curlew flies across the marsh  
Toward home, and all

The night resounds with strange flute notes  
From a distant star.

Each night I walk a lonely silent road  
To where you are.

## SACRAMENT REVERIE

By Bessye Hoffman

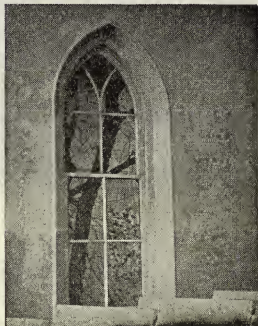
THE sun shone through the golden panes  
And lay aslant across the table  
Where the sacrament was spread.  
Six young heads bowed, and reverently  
The sacred prayers were read.

(The bread and water seem more blest  
When youth has served at God's behest.)

A spirit hovered o'er that "Fast Day"  
through,  
A radiant Presence, close and very dear,  
That seemed to lift with tender, loving  
hands  
Each soul above its sordid, earthbound  
sphere.

And one arose and clearly bore  
His testimony true and very strong.  
I breathed a prayer, "O evermore!  
Please bless the youth of all our Church  
Who keep themselves from sinful taints,  
Who boldly face eternity  
And dare aspire to be saints."

I whispered, "Father, may it be  
My own sweet lad, so dear to me,  
May some day at this table stand,  
(His face aglow from fire within)  
These prayers to read, his witness bear,—  
My soul would soar to see him there!"



—Photograph by Ben B. Haines

## ROAD BETWEEN

By Elaine V. Emans

SOMEWHERE between frugality and waste  
There is a middle road that I must go:  
Not watching sunset with too great a haste,  
Nor being, for a shooting star, too slow;  
Not giving up the hyacinth to feed  
The body only, nor allowing bread  
To go unused when there is monstrous  
need.

I must not store away, till I am dead,  
The fairest things, nor be extravagant  
With laughter, colored word, or love I  
shall

Be giving. There's a road between the  
scant

Pinched way of living and the prodigal—  
And I must find it, who have learned from  
each

Extreme, the lesson it has had to teach.

## ARTISTRY IN PLANNING

By Rose Thomas Graham

"OH, won't you please come in," she  
said, "and see my little house?  
It isn't always neat as pins or quiet as a  
mouse.

Our bedroom's done in lavender. The child-  
dren's room is blue.

I love my yellow kitchen—I hope you'll like  
it, too.

The living-room is golden-brown; the bath-  
room is a dream,

With rows of varicolored towels against  
a wall of cream,

Then there's a smaller corner room, a restful  
little nook.

In quiet green for eyes that sew or steal  
time for a book."

"Your little home is choice," I said. "I  
wonder why with all  
The artistry in planning, you've no pictures  
on the wall."

"No pictures? I will show you, in a glance,  
some six or seven;

Or if you care to count them, I believe you'll  
find eleven.

Now here's a purple mountain through a  
veil of misty light;

Over there a garden blooming; red, yellow,  
blue, and white.

In this room a chain of poplars; how I love  
these stately trees!

I can really see them awaying. Can't you  
almost feel the breeze?

In this view a heaped-up sandpile. Children  
playing. Overhead

A rainbow line of dresses, and white un-  
derthings are spread."

She smiled and said, "My pictures are not  
always just the same—"

She had eleven paintings, each set in a  
window frame!

## TREES

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

ONE gave the wood from its massive stem  
To build a manger in Bethlehem.

One gave the sills and the roof-tree brown  
For a carpenter shop in Nazareth town.

One gave the palms for a triumph way.  
One sheltered a place for the Lord to pray.

One made a cross to be lifted high.  
One furnished Judas a place to die.

## SILHOUETTE IN SILVER

By Cora May Preble

THE silver snow is drifting down today,  
And I am dreaming of the long ago!

Your scarlet tam-o'-shanter looked so gay  
That winter day through flakes of falling  
snow

Perched saucily upon your copper curls.  
I see the twinkle in your merry eyes,

And hear you laugh—while dizzily the  
swirls

Of snow drift down against the pearl-gray  
skies.

You caught my hand, and laughingly we  
raced

Through flakes of snow that lightly brushed  
Our lips, like tender kisses gently placed.

The world for one small moment seemed so  
hushed,

We two stood still. But that was long ago.  
Today I dream—while softly falls the  
snow!



# COUNSEL for a NEW YEAR

By PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

As we face another New Year, I thank my Heavenly Father from the depths of my soul for my membership in the Church to which he gave the name of his Beloved Son, Jesus Christ.

I thank him for the guidance that has come to us through the revelations that have been given to this Church, and among them, I am reminded of a portion of the 28th chapter of II Nephi, indicating an all too prevalent attitude which reads as follows:

Yea, and there shall be many which shall say: Eat, drink, and be merry, . . . nevertheless, fear God—he will justify in committing a little sin; . . . (II Nephi 28:7-8.)

Think of that—the suggestion that a little sin will be justified! Yet in the very first revelation contained in the Doctrine and Covenants we find these words:

For I the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. (D. & C. 1:31.)

Yet there are those who would say that because it is a little sin our Heavenly Father does not care. Continuing the quotation from II Nephi:

. . . yea, lie a little, take the advantage of one because of his words, (II Nephi 28:8.)

Think of what that means, the whisperings of the adversary to lie a little. Whether it be a lie intended to affect an individual, a religious organization, a business organization, or a political organization the lie will brand the one who tells it, and sooner or later he will have to account for the wrong he has committed.

. . . yea, lie a little, take the advantage of one because of his words, dig a pit for thy neighbor; there is no harm in this; and do all these things, for tomorrow we die; and if it so be that we are guilty, God will beat us with a few stripes, and at last we shall be saved in the kingdom of God. (*Ibid.*)

That is what the adversary of righteousness is saying to the children of men. That is what Lucifer, who goes about defiling people, is breathing into the souls of whomsoever he can. That is the kind of doctrine that is being disseminated in the world by

some of those who ought to be the leaders of morality and also of righteousness. But to you, my brethren and sisters, the obligation has been given that you must refute such things as these when you know of them.

We read further:

Yea, and there shall be many which shall teach after this manner, false and vain and foolish doctrines, and shall be puffed up in their hearts, and shall seek deep to hide their counsels from the Lord; and their works shall be in the dark. (*Ibid.*, 28:9.)

And then further:

And others will he pacify, and lull them away into carnal security, that they will say: All is well in Zion; yea, Zion prospereth, all is well—and thus the devil cheateth their souls, and leadeth them away carefully down to hell.

And behold, others he flattereth away, and telleth them there is no hell; and he saith unto them: I am no devil, for there is none—and thus he whispereth in their ears, until he grasps them with his awful chains, from whence there is no deliverance.

Yea, they are grasped with death, and hell; and death, and hell, and the devil, and all that have been seized therewith must stand before the throne of God, and be judged according to their works. (*Ibid.*, 28:21-23.)

That is the word of a prophet of the Lord, spoken centuries ago, of what would exist in the world, and I bear you my witness that this is a condition that does exist in the world in the day and age in which we live. And as your brother, I plead with you that in the dignity of your membership in the great Church of the Lamb of God, you resist the insidious temptations of the adversary and that in your homes and elsewhere you teach and exemplify virtue and righteousness. See that the teachings of the Lord are so disseminated that every soul who comes within your portals will enjoy the blessings that are the result of the companionship of the Holy Spirit.

I know that this is God's work. But I know also that the adversary is awake; his end is drawing near, and he is putting forth every effort in every conceivable way to blind the eyes of the children of men.

During these troublous times when so many are in distress, seeking happiness and not

(Concluded on page 37)

## The Editor's Page



Behind Torre Pellice lies Mount Vaudelin with its bold, projecting rock, Castaluzzo, renamed by Elder Lorenzo Snow; Mount Brigham and the Rock of Prophecy, respectively.

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Even then who kept thy truth so pure of  
old,  
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and  
stones,  
Forget not. In thy book record their groans  
Who are thy sheep, and in their ancient  
fold  
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their  
moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes  
sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth  
sway  
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow  
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## The VAUDOIS Revisited

By ARCHIBALD F. BENNETT

ON a morning last September President James L. Barker of the French Mission and I set out from Paris. By assignment from President Alma Sonne of the European Mission we were to visit the Vaudois in their homeland amid Alpine valleys.

As the car sped across France toward northern Italy, President Barker refreshed my mind on the history of this unique and valorous people.\*

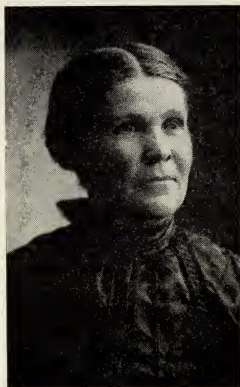
Apily described by one author as "Israel of the Alps," the Vaudois or Waldenses are probably the oldest continuous Protestant community in the world, and their church influential among other reformed churches. By tradition they are credited with a line of pastors running back even to the time of the apostles. All other dissenter groups were crushed by the power of Rome.

Detested by popes and monarchs as teachers of dangerous doctrines, they have suffered centuries of horrible and desolating persecution,

scarcely a generation escaping barbarous torture and massacre, or the fire and pillage, famine and treachery and assaults of their vindictive encircling enemies. Burned at the stake, buried alive, stoned, sawn asunder, hanged, herded into vile and disease-laden dungeons, the repeated objects of pitiless crusades, their homes burned and possessions plundered, hunted down by bloodhounds, pursued from glen to glen, over rocks and crags and icy mountains, yet they defied their assailants, defended their rugged defiles, putting whole armies to rout, and maintained their ancient faith.

Thirty-five or more persecutions have been launched against them. Francis I ordered their extermination in 1541. In 1655, their overlord, the Duke of Savoy, issued his dread edict, proclaiming that all his Vaudois subjects must renounce their religion or be massacred. The tale of atrocities which brought death to thousands horrified all Protestant peoples. The poor Vaudois who were able to escape, concealed in their Alpine fastnesses, sent to Cromwell in England for relief. It was then that Milton, in righteous and indignant remonstrance, penned his great sonnet:

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT  
Avenue, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,  
whose bones



MARGUERITE STALLE BARKER

contribution of £40,000 was raised to aid the sufferers. He called upon the heads of other reformed states to voice with him their condemnation of these outrages. Milton, as his Latin secretary to the council of state, wrote in powerful protest to the Duke of Savoy:

Letters have been sent us . . . wherein we are given to understand, that such of your royal highness' subjects as profess the reformed religion, are commanded by your edict, and by your authority, within three days after the promulgation of your edict, to depart their native seats and habitations, upon pain of capital punishment, and for-

\*Dr. Daniel B. Hill Richards, who served as a missionary in Europe for ten years, wrote an extensive history of the Vaudois, and also of the establishing of the Italian Mission by President Lorenzo Snow, then a member of the Council of the Twelve, in his *The Scriptural Allegory*. This book was published by the Magazine Printing Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, in April 1931.



feiture of all their fortunes and estates, unless they will give security to relinquish their religion within twenty days, and embrace the Roman Catholic faith. And that . . . a part of your army fell upon them, most cruelly slew several, put others in chains, and compelled the rest to fly into desert places, and to the mountains covered with snow, where some hundreds of families are reduced to such distress, that it is greatly to be feared they will in a short time all miserably perish through cold and hunger.

Touched with "extreme grief and compassion for the sufferings and calamities of this afflicted people" he called upon the duke to vouchsafe to abrogate this edict and put an end to their oppressions. To the rulers of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, Milton wrote for Cromwell:

But if he still persist in the same obstinate resolutions of reducing to utmost extremity those people (among whom our religion was either disseminated by the first doctors of the Gospel, and preserved from the defilement of superstition, or else restored to its pristine sincerity long before other nations obtained that felicity), and determines their utter extirpation and destruction; we are ready to take such other

their homes and freedom of worship.

But Cromwell died, and the rulers broke faith. In 1685, Louis XIV of France revoked the Edict of Nantes. This was the signal for renewed persecution. Another horrible edict decreed that all Vaudois churches should be destroyed and every Protestant should publicly renounce his error within fifteen days under penalty of death or banishment. There were then only 15,000 of this people, with 2,500 capable of bearing arms against the combined might of France and Savoy. But from the mountains rang their cry of defiance, "Death rather than the mass!" In solemn assembly, under the leadership of a valiant pastor, Henri Arnaud, with hands raised to the sky, they swore to defend their homes and their religion to the death as their fathers had done before them.

Enemies from all quarters poured in upon them. The king of France assailed them from his side, and an armed force marched against them from Turin. For three days the embattled Vaudois valiantly withstood this sanguinary invasion and were victorious in every engagement. Against overwhelming odds and lured by false promises they were compelled to submit. Their surrender was followed by devastation in every hamlet and unheard-of barbarities even upon women and infants. Over half the survivors, crowded to suffocation in thirteen prisons, perished of hunger and thirst and disease. After six months only three thousand remained alive.



Young women in Valdesse costume

course and councils with yourselves, in common with the rest of our reformed friends and confederates, as may be most necessary for the preservation of just and good men, upon the brink of inevitable ruin, and to make the Duke himself sensible that we can no longer neglect the heavy oppressions and calamities of our orthodox brethren.

So great was the terror of Cromwell's name, backed up by his threat to send forces to the rescue, that the persecution was stopped, and the surviving inhabitants of the valleys were promised restoration of



## TAVOLA VALDESE TORRE PELLICE

Authorization is given Mr. Archibald F. Bennett, Secretary and Librarian of the Genealogical Society of Salt Lake City, to photograph the Registers of Baptisms, Marriages and Deaths of the Vaudois Parishes, with the approbation of the Parishes themselves.

This concession has not only the objective of favoring in America the establishment of a Library which will receive the vital records of all the Evangelical Churches of the world, but also that of furnishing us with positive copies of all the Registers, so that we should be able to reproduce them entirely in case the originals should be destroyed, for any cause whatsoever.

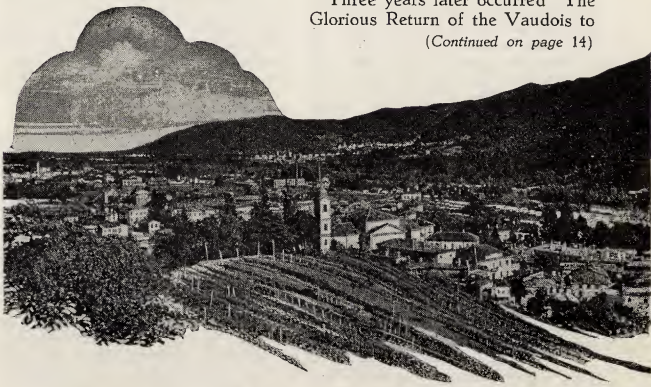
Le Moderateur  
de l'Eglise Vaudoise  
VIRGLIO SOMMANI

*Virgilio Sommani.*

These were pardoned and released, but banished forever from their homes and habitations. Hundreds of children were forced from their parents to be reared as Catholics, never to see their families again. The destitute remnants crossed the mountains to Switzerland, hundreds more perishing on the roads of cold and hunger.

Three years later occurred "The Glorious Return of the Vaudois to  
(Continued on page 14)

PANORAMA OF TORRE PELLICE



## THE VAUDOIS REVISITED

(Continued from page 13)

Their Valleys." An intrepid band of exiles, eight hundred strong, led by their warrior-pastor, Henri Arnaud, assembled on the shores of Lake Geneva, and recrossing the Alps retook their homelands at the point of the sword and maintained themselves there until less than three hundred were left. At this juncture they were saved by a quarrel between France and Savoy, and the duke recalled and reinstated their exiled brethren. A portrait of the hero Arnaud bears this inscription:

I preach and fight—I have a double commission, and these two contests occupy my soul. Zion is now to be rebuilt, and the sword is needed as well as the trowel.

ON February 17, 1848, the king of Sardinia granted to his subjects, the Vaudois, the right to exercise their religion, to enjoy civil and political rights and to attend schools and universities.

The very next year Apostle Lorenzo Snow was called to open a mission in Italy. As we rode, I took from my pocket some notes I had copied the night before from his *Autobiography*, and read:

As I contemplated [while in England] the condition of Italy, with deep solicitude to know the mind of the Spirit as to where I should commence my labors, I found that all was dark in Sicily, and hostile laws would exclude our efforts. No opening appeared in the cities of Italy; but the history of the Waldenses attracted my attention.

Amid the ages of darkness and cruelty, they had stood immovable almost as the wave beaten rock in the stormy ocean. When the anathemas of Rome shook the world and princes fell from their thrones, they dared to brave the mandate of the Pope and the armies of the mighty. To my mind they appeared like the rose in the wilderness, or the bow in the cloud. The night of time has overspread their origin; but these dissenters from Rome existed ages before Luther was born. During the fierce persecutions to which they have been subjected, their limits have greatly decreased.

A few narrow valleys, which in some places are only a bow's shot in breadth, are all that now remain in their possession except the mountains by which they are engirdled. But a period of deep calm has at length arrived, and since the storm of persecution swept over Europe, they have received many privileges from the Sardinian government. Thus the way was opened only a short period before the appointment of this mission, and no other portion of Italy is governed by such favorable laws. A flood of light seemed to burst upon my

mind when I thought upon the subject, and I endeavored to procure some information in relation to this people. The librarian to whom I applied informed me he had a work of the description I required, but it had just been taken. He had scarcely finished the sentence, when a lady entered with the book. "O," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance; this gentleman has just called for that book." I was soon convinced that this people were worthy to receive the first proclamation of the Gospel in Italy. (Pp. 122-123.)

Arriving in Genoa, Italy, on July 1, 1850, he sent Elders Toronto and Stenhouse to visit the Protestant valleys of Piedmont. Three weeks later, in a letter to President Franklin D. Richards of the European Mission, he reported:

I have felt an intense desire to know the state of that province to which I had given them an appointment, as I felt assured it

### SHAFT OF WORDS

By Christie Lund Coles

I SENT a shaft of words  
I Out thoughtlessly,  
Words harshly cruel  
With irony.

I saw a heart in pain,  
Hurt and bent more low  
Because my words echoed,  
Added to its woe.

I picked a gentle phrase  
Softly to be said,  
Full of faith and courage,  
One found them bread,

Found in them new hope,  
Faith to lift him up.  
Man thirsts for kindness,  
O, fill the cup!

would be the field of my mission. Now, with a heart full of gratitude, I find an opening presented in the valleys of Piedmont, when all other parts of Italy are closed against our efforts. I believe that the Lord has there hidden up a people amid the Alpine mountains, and it is the voice of the Spirit that I shall commence something of importance in that part of this dark nation. (*Ibid.*, p. 121.)

A few days later he himself arrived at La Tour, in the valley of Lucerne. He wrote:

This country bears a striking resemblance to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Piedmont is situated at the foot of the Alps, the highest mountains in Europe. . . . The clouds often enwrap these mighty eminences, and hide their frowning grandeur from our view. At other times they are covered with snow, while at their feet the vine and fig tree are ripening their fruit. . . . The fertile portions of these valleys are rich in their productions; but two-thirds or more present nothing but precipices, ra-

vines, and rocky districts, or such as have a northern aspect. The inhabitants are far too numerous for the nature and products of the soil. They are often compelled to carry mould on their backs to form gardens amid the barren rocks. (*Ibid.*, p. 127.)

I felt assured that the Lord had directed us to a branch of the house of Israel, and I was rejoiced to behold many circumstances that reminded me of those with whom I had been associated in the valleys of the West. We endeavored to lay a foundation for future usefulness in silently preparing the minds of the people for the reception of the Gospel, by cultivating friendly feelings in the bosoms of those by whom we were surrounded. (*Ibid.*, p. 128.)

On September 6, Joseph Grey, the three-year-old son of their host, lay at the point of death, reduced to a skeleton. Fully awake to the position of the missionaries, Elder Snow called upon the Lord to assist them. Next day they fasted and retired to the mountains to pray. As they left, the cold perspiration of death covered the child's body, and the father whispered, "Il meurt!" (He is dying!) They called upon the Lord in solemn, earnest prayer to spare the life of the child. Returning in the afternoon they administered to the child, and he recovered. To the rejoicing parents Elder Snow said, "The God of heaven has done this for you."

On September 19 they organized a branch of the Church in Italy and began active missionary labors, in impressive manner.

We ascended a very high mountain, a little distance from La Tour, and having taken our position on a bold projecting rock, we sang praises to the God of heaven, and offered up the following prayer:

. . . In Thy name, we this day lift into view before this people and this nation the ensign . . . of Thy kingdom once more to be established among men. . . . From the lifting of this ensign may a voice go forth among the people of these mountains and valleys, and throughout the length and breadth of this land, and may it go forth and be unto thine elect, as the voice of the Lord, that the Holy Spirit may fall upon them imparting knowledge in dreams and visions concerning this hour of their redemption. (*Ibid.*, pp. 130-131.)

Here now were we two, almost exactly ninety-seven years later, on our way to revisit the scene of the labors which followed that solemn dedication.

President Barker told how in succeeding months and years numbers of Vaudois families were gathered

(Continued on page 56)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# URUGUAY...

## new mission field

By Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

URUGUAY—*la Banda Oriental* (the eastern bank)—is one of the newest fields of missionary endeavor undertaken by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. What of its background? Its people? Its history? Its industry? What will the elders from Zion, called from the fields and the factories, the offices and the shops, find in this new section of the Lord's vineyard?

Uruguay (officially the *Republica Oriental del Uruguay*) is the smallest of the independent nations of South America. It lies cradled between Brazil on the north, and the estuary of the *Rio de la Plata* on the south, extending from the Uruguay River to the Atlantic seacoast. It is a buffer-state, placed between the two great South American powers, Brazil and Argentina, and has been often overlooked by the casual observer. It contains 72,172 square miles, comparing favorably in size with North Dakota. It is, however, the most densely populated nation in South America, having an estimated population in 1943 of 2,200,000, one-third of which live in the beautiful capital city of Montevideo.

Legend has it that in 1519, as Magellan's fleet approached the estuary of the Plata, the lookout sailor of his flagship sighted a modest hill and cried jubilantly, "*Monte vid' eu!*" ("I see a mountain!") From that cry, the present city took its name. The hill is the only one on the Plata or on the river for hundreds of miles above the estuary, and as such it is the proud possession of the city of Montevideo.

The first European to visit Uru-

guay was probably Don Juan Dias de Solis, who discovered the *Rio de la Plata* in 1516, although some earlier explorers may have sighted the shore of the country. Solis himself was killed by Indians, possibly the Charruas, the warlike tribe who possessed the region. Subsequently Spanish explorers touched the Uruguayan shore of the Plata, but found occupation more difficult than on the Argentinian shore. Long after Buenos Aires was permanently founded in 1580, across the estuary, Uruguay remained unoccupied. In the seventeenth century, some Jesuit missions of the Roman Catholic Church existed precariously for a while in Uruguay. Then, in 1680, the Portuguese, who regarded the country as a natural extension of their holdings in Brazil, founded a settlement called Colonia. The flag over this settlement changed from Portuguese to Spanish and back to Portuguese several times — sometimes as a result of discussions at the conference table, but more often as spoils of battle. To halt the infiltration of the Portuguese, the outpost of Montevideo was established by the Spanish in 1726.

NEW WORLD events are often molded by Old World shadows. This was even more true when the New World was young than it is today when it appears to be an overflowing source of the necessities of life, an arsenal of democracy. Beginning in 1810, while the Powers in Europe were attempting to

stem Napoleon's onrushing tide, the Spanish colonies of Latin America accomplished their revolutions of independence. Difficult as the revolutions were, they would have been nearly impossible if Spain had been free to throw her armed might into the New World.

Two Uruguayan leaders stand  
(Continued on page 52)

South America's tallest building, the  
Borolo Building, Montevideo, Uruguay.



# Eastern States Mission Centennial Chorus

By Douglas H. Parker

SECOND COUNSELOR, MISSION PRESIDENCY



The Centennial Chorus being presented on one of the first television programs of the Church.

PERHAPS no other year in the history of the Church has so noticeably shown a change in the mind and attitude of the people of the East toward the Church as has the Utah centennial year. If Joseph Smith were to return and pay honor to his faithful followers who through a hundred years of toil and righteous struggle preserved their efforts in the enduring granite of a temple in the midst of a land now prosperous and developed, he would rejoice at the accomplishments wrought through the faith and courage of those who had lived and died to carry on the work that he was instrumental in founding. But what would Joseph Smith find if he were to return to the East, to the land of his youth, to the countryside surrounding Cumorah, or to the valleys made green by the Susquehanna and made sacred by those men of old who there restored the priesthood? Palmyra—in whose shady glen Joseph Smith sought and found the Father and the Son—how would it receive the Prophet today? Surely in his own homeland, where a nation had spoken from the ground and its people had whispered from the dust through an ancient record, the Prophet would rejoice in seeing the change in the hearts of the people.

Throughout 1947, in the cities where Joseph Smith once preached,

a ten-man missionary chorus, known as the Utah Centennial Chorus, has sung and spoken its way into the hearts of thousands. This chorus recently returned from a twenty-two-day, 2,100 mile tour of twenty-three cities, and reported that they had presented seventy-one performances, twenty-nine of them being radio broadcasts, had sung before Governor Thomas E. Dewey of the Empire State with sixty members of his top-ranking staff assembled in the executive chambers of the New York state capitol, had participated on a program with United States Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin before an audience of four hundred leading businessmen in the Statler Hotel in Buffalo, and had presented one of the first television programs of the Church. While in Gloversville, New York, the chorus was so enthusiastically

ager of a chain of movie theaters was so impressed by the reaction of the audience to their performance that he requested that the chorus make a tour of theaters in seventy cities located in five states, and that he be allowed to arrange radio broadcasts and engagements before civic clubs and schools as a means of drawing attention to the chorus.

OVER A CENTURY AGO the Prophet sought interviews with governors that he might petition for redress of grievances. In the centennial year, the chorus was invited to sing before Thomas E. Dewey, governor of the state upon whose soil the Church was born. During the performance the governor's pleasure was particularly evident when the chorus sang the hymn, "Oh My Father." The chorus had

(Continued on page 46)



While members of the Eastern States Missionary Chorus look on, Governor Thomas E. Dewey congratulates Chorus Director Chester W. Hill. Reading from left to right, the other members of the chorus are as follows: Elders Dean S. Farnsworth, Beaver West Ward, Beaver Stake; Dale A. McAllister, Provo Third Ward, Utah Stake; Reed A. Watkins, Logan Seventh Ward, Logan Stake, accompanist for the chorus; Stanley G. Steadman, Taylorsville Ward, North Jordan Stake; Rollo W. Bickley, Mill Creek Ward, Cottonwood Stake; Keith Williams, North Twenty-first Ward, Emigration Stake; Howard H. Putnam, Woodruff Ward, Woodruff Stake; Robert Andelin, Waikiki Ward, Oahu Stake; and James R. Nielsen, Vallejo Ward, Oakland Stake.

received and advertised throughout the town by high school students, who had heard them sing in morning school assemblies, that the largest theater in the town was unable to accommodate the hundreds who sought admittance that they might hear them sing and tell the story of the Latter-day Saint pioneers. Thirteen hundred filled the theater; all the standing room was taken, and many were turned away. The man-

## Missions Note

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# Centennial Year in Argentina

By Lyman S. Shreeve and Benjamin Mortensen

ARGENTINA, land of the gaucha, tango, and maté, land that took its first baby steps as a nation some four hundred years ago, land that is today a great republic of restless energy, enviable trade, and enjoyable life, owes its name to the silver quest in the mountains of Peru and the wearing of silver ornaments by its Indian population in the sixteenth century. After the fourteen



Scene from "El Joropo" presented entirely by the youth of the Argentine Mission in one of the variety programs of the Youth Convention. Alicia Rosas de Mejome was soloist.

A dramatic scene from the pageant "Cavalcade of the Pioneers" by Gladys Wagstaff Finney, translated into Spanish and presented on the 24th of July, Argentine Mission, Centennial Year.



provinces, which constitute the present republic, united themselves into a confederation, a common name was sought for the whole, and the Latin word *argent* (which means silver) was adopted as its root.

Argentina's famous estuary, *Rio de la Plata* (silver river) the widest river in the world, as every Argentine will very proudly tell you, was formerly called *Rio de Solis* after the Spanish navigator who discovered it. It is up this great river some one hundred kilometers that one finds Buenos Aires—queen of this silver river—capital of Argentina and the largest city in the southern hemisphere.

In this city one beautiful summer morning—Christmas morning to be exact—of the year 1925, Elders Melvin J. Ballard, Rey L. Pratt, and Rulon S. Wells humbled themselves in the solemnity of Palermo Park and glorified their God by consecrating and dedicating the entire South American continent for the promulgation of the restored gospel. Now as the centennial year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the valleys of the



Stage and characters of puppet show made by Joseph A. Fitzpatrick, presented before approximately 1,800 investigators and friends of the Argentine Mission. The story was based on early pioneer life of the Saints in Utah.

Rockies comes to a close, the native Saints of the Argentine Mission, are rejoicing in the seed that these three great men planted and honor the faithful missionaries that followed with the same faith and burning testimony of the divinity of their work and calling, and of their diligent, unselfish labors, that added up, make the Argentine Mission what it is today.

During the last war, the missionaries were withdrawn from the country. This created much growth and development in the local members who took over the different branches themselves, all serving as missionaries, and the mission carried on as it had before, always un-

der the supervision of a mission president.

THE return of missionaries, which to this date has grown to the total of eighty-nine since the war, more than at any other one time, is often spoken of by the Saints as the "second dispensation." They are overjoyed to have the young elders once again in their presence. "To these missionaries," the Saints often express in their stirring testimonies, "we owe our undying gratitude."

Those called upon to direct the activities in the Argentine Mission are favored with a wonderful spirit of cooperation. Talented young men and women are willing and anxious to increase and develop their knowledge and talents by participating in the various functions of the Mutual Improvement Associations.

Youth convention time (*La Convencion de Jovenes*) held in conjunction with conference in April, and the Gold and Green Ball held together with October conference are without doubt the two most outstanding times of the year for Church members in the Argentine. This year it was especially outstanding because of the great spirit of the centennial. From western Mendoza, better known as the "Garden of the Andes," with a yearly export of over 8,200 metric tons of fruit—and picturesque *Cordoba* located near sierras, lakes, and waterfalls of exceptional beauty, from *Bahia Blanca* with its great agricultural industry, but boasting an even bigger claim to fame as the largest drydock in the southern

(Concluded on page 48)

## Utah Centennial

# From SAGEBRUSH to SYMPHONY

## Leroy J. Robertson—a study



LEROY J. ROBERTSON

FROM the simple tunes hummed by the Mormon Battalion boys as they marched westward in 1846 to a Utah-produced symphony which wins the world's richest music prize in 1947 is a long step.

Leroy J. Robertson, descendant of Latter-day Saints who settled the valleys of the West, is the composer whose newly-won international eminence represents the culmination of that step—the cultural flowering of pioneer traditions planted a century ago. In the closing weeks of a centennial year filled with many tributes to Utah's founders, the music world added its own eloquent tribute in giving universal honor to his great composition, *Trilogy*.

Word of the Utah musician's latest achievement came dramatically during a nationwide radio broadcast by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra on the evening of November 2. It was the first public announcement concerning the Henry H. Reichhold international symphonic competition since more than four hundred composers from seventeen countries in the western hemisphere had submitted their best works more than two years previously. The winner, it said, was Leroy Robertson of Provo, Utah, professor of music at Brigham Young University.

The only advance notice which Professor Robertson had received to prepare him for news of the selec-

tion and the \$25,000 award which it would bring him was a telegram which arrived at his Provo home a short time before the broadcast. Mr. Reichhold, president of the Detroit Symphony and sponsor of the contest, said in the message:

Please accept my personal and heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of your selection as the first prize winner in the competition for the Reichhold Symphonic Awards for the Western Hemisphere. I feel that the playing of your symphony, which the distinguished board of judges selected as the outstanding entry in the competition, will assist in the accomplishment of the award committee's basic purpose, to aid in the advancement of a closer understanding between the peoples of this hemisphere. Best personal regards. Henry H. Reichhold.

While Leroy Robertson's winning of such an unparalleled award was not a complete surprise to those who had watched his growing stature in the music world, few were aware of the unusual circumstances that surrounded the entering of his *Trilogy* in the competition. It had been composed in 1938 and 1939 during what spare time he could find from his teaching duties at the university—which meant night sessions usually running to 2:00 a.m. Early in 1945 he brought it out again to rework the last two pages and put it in shape for the contest. It was then rushed through the necessary photostating process and was submitted barely in time to meet the entry deadline.

A BRAZILIAN composer, Carmargo Guarnieri, received the \$5,000 second prize in the contest, and Albert Sendrey of Los Angeles won \$2,500 and third place honors.

In his pioneer ancestry and Utah background, Leroy Robertson could hardly have been more representative. He was born December 21, 1896, in Fountain Green, Utah, to Jasper H. and Alice Adams Robertson, both of whom were natives of Fountain Green. One grandfather, Edwin Robertson, was from Cook County, Illinois, and came to Utah in the Mormon migration. Hannah Grundland Robertson, his wife, was a Latter-day Saint convert from Sweden.

William H. Adams, father of the composer's mother, heard the gospel message in Dover, England, and emigrated to Sanpete County. He married Melissa Jane Caldwell, a daughter of Matthew Caldwell, who in 1846 had crossed the western deserts with the storied Mormon Battalion.

The parlor organ was the musical center of the Robertson home, and as a child Leroy could play on it by ear the tunes he heard—that is if someone would oblige by pumping the pedals because his legs were too short. As the eldest of six children he soon had the common boyhood occupation of herding the family cows, and while doing so whistled out his first fiddle. The crude instrument was strung with thin wire and stout thread, and the boy's father took some hair from the old mare's tail to fashion the bow. An investment of five cents provided a large supply of rosin, and thus equipped, the lad was able to play the simple melodies that kept coming to his mind.

His first "store" violin outfit cost \$12. After a few lessons he organized a little orchestra among his school chums, obtaining some music from a Chicago mail order house and making his own arrangement of the parts. As soon as he had gained a little understanding of notation, he also began to write down his early compositions.

As there was no high school in Fountain Green, he was sent to live with his maternal grandparents in Pleasant Grove, where he attended school for two years and took music lessons from Arthur Overlade, now of East High School in Salt Lake City. During this stay he heard from his grandmother's lips pioneer lullabies and tunes once sung by the Mormon Battalion, themes which later were to find their way into his great compositions. He spent the next two years at Brigham Young University High School in Provo, studying violin with M. S. Gudmundsen and theory with the late Anthony C. Lund, members of the regular university faculty. After



## in achievement

By Oliver R. Smith

ASS STANT PROFESSOR OF JOURNALISM,  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

graduation from high school the urge for creative work led him to take further study in theory from George W. Fitzroy, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, who still teaches in Provo.

THE young musician's father by this time had acquired a large flock of sheep, and Leroy returned home to follow the flocks to the high mountain ranges in summer and to the western deserts for wintering. Living in this pastoral retreat amid the varied and inspiring moods of nature was what he calls "one of the great experiences of my life."

He resumed his musical education at the New England Conservatory in Boston under George W. Chadwick, then dean of American composers, and other capable teachers. Upon graduation in 1923 he received his first award in music composition, the \$300 Endicott prize for his *Overture in E Minor*.

The young composer was scheduled for further study abroad as recipient of the *Prix di Rome*, but overwork had sapped his strength and necessitated a return to Utah instead. Although deeply disappointed at the time, he later came to



Professor Robertson with Sister Robertson on his right, and his children left to right: Karen, Jimmy, Renee, and Morion.

feel that this turn of events was for the better in his total musical development. After a year in the mountains again, he taught for a short time at North Cache High School in Richmond and at Pleasant Grove High School. In 1925 he married Naomi Nelson of Morgan who was teaching home economics at Pleasant Grove. The same year also brought an appointment to the music faculty of Brigham Young University where he has served ever since.

In addition to an energetic program of theory classes, chamber music, and symphony orchestra work at the university, Professor Robertson's study and composing went steadily on. He drew inspiration from Carl Bush, conductor of the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra,

who taught one season at Brigham Young University. In 1929 he studied with Ernest Bloch at the San Francisco Conservatory, and three years later followed him to Switzerland for further intensive work—a trip made possible by his wife's resuming teaching at the university. Going on to Berlin, he absorbed much of its rich musical offerings and took composition and musicology from Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt. While there he wrote some etudes for piano and his *Quintet in A Minor* for piano and strings which a few years later was to win first place in the contest of the Society for the Publication of American Music. Mrs. Robertson joined him in the spring of 1933, and they returned to Provo in the late summer.

(Continued on page 62)

Brigham Young University Symphony Orchestra with Professor Leroy Robertson directing.



# Do you know how to READ?

By Thomas Stuart Ferguson

ATTORNEY AT LAW



SOME readers will immediately think that the title of this article is meaningless. The reader may say, "Of course I know how to read."

Actually ninety-six percent of the adults of the United States can read. Doubtless the percentage is even higher in the Latter-day Saint Church. Even so, the title has meaning because few people know how to read *correctly*. The person reading correctly reads most material rapidly. Rapid readers are rare. And to be well-informed today requires extensive reading, which in turn requires rapid reading.

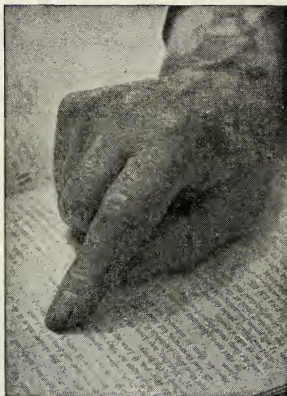
Why do most people read slowly, and what can be done to increase reading speed? The answers are quite simple. But first let us see the importance of the problem.

To be a true Latter-day Saint one must know the general content of the four standard works, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price. The average Bible has approximately one thousand pages of small print. The current edition of the Book of Mormon contains 522 pages; and the Doctrine and Covenants, 257 pages. The Pearl of Great Price has fifty-eight pages. We therefore have 1837 pages of required reading at the outset. This, of itself, is a tremendous task, if not an almost impossible one, for the slow reader.

There are also other numerous published books and current periodical literature in addition to the following which the alert Latter-day Saint is called upon to read:

Priesthood and Sunday School lesson leaflets and manuals  
*The Improvement Era*  
*The Relief Society Magazine*  
 Church Section, *Deseret News*  
 Mutual Improvement Association class manual  
 M.I.A. reading course book for the year  
 Current Church books by the General Authorities and Church writers, non-fiction and fiction  
 Local stake papers, where such are published.

An equally great amount of general literature must also be read by the Latter-day Saint. In the language of commandment, the Lord has said: "... seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith." (D. & C. 88:118.)



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

The average schoolboy or girl is required by his school to read several textbooks a year. College students have very extensive reading assignments. Often the assignments are never completed by slow readers.

The daily newspaper must also be read, at least the more impor-

tant parts. To keep up with current affairs in our shrinking and fast-growing world we also try to read current news magazines, the digest magazines, and other publications. If we endeavor to seek learning out of the best books, we must also try to read classic works of history, philosophy, science, and the cultural arts.

Today, every trade and profession has its journals and publications which must be read to keep up with late developments. The legal profession offers a good example, although it is extreme. Opinions handed down by the higher courts of the state and nation should be skimmed. These reports are very extensive and appear weekly or at regular intervals. The monthly journals published by the state and national bar associations should also be read. It is also well to read at least some of the articles appearing in the current law review magazines published by law schools. The preparation of a case for trial requires extensive reading of statutes and case reports. Legal papers and regular business correspondence also are burdensome.

If one is to maintain close contact with friends and relatives, there are usually many letters to be read.

It must be admitted that the reading demands upon the average person are very great.

At a recent Mutual Improvement Association convention in Oakland, California, Mr. John Solberg, a professional teacher and school administrator, listed some of the requisites of a good teacher. Among other things, he included knowledge of the gospel; an understanding of what is going on in the world, including facts regarding current sports, movies, radio programs, and world problems. He said the top flight teacher should be somewhat versed in several fields and should have a broad knowledge of science

(Continued on page 59)



# IF I WERE A Young Bride

By Mary Brentnall



**I**f I were a young bride in the young new year of 1948, I would want to be a very good wife, create a lovely home, and make my marriage a great success, and so, I would try to discover some of the basic principles of life and how they apply to marriage—and to put my heart and efforts in accord with those basic principles, and then I would want to add a few gay, personal touches to that marriage. I would do this, much as I might select a good, simple, basic dress for general wear and then liveen it up with changes of jewelry, or a scarf, or a flower.

If I were a young bride, I would try to be grateful that I had found my love and my mate and that I lived in a relatively free country where I had hope of working out my ideas and ideals without too many frustrating restrictions. And, in gratitude for the great blessing of liberty entrusted to me, I would try to show myself and all the world what marvelous results can be obtained in the heartening light of freedom when we put our souls into it.

If I were a young bride, I would never worry, think, or even read about how to "hold" or "manage" my husband. I would respect the dignity of our marriage vows and have perfect confidence that my husband was mine forever, and that our mutual love and trust would grow during the years of time and throughout eternity. I would have faith in my husband, in marriage, and in God.

Having that faith, I would try to make my religion a dominating force in my home.

I would recognize the blessings and powers of the priesthood.

I would encourage my husband to activity within the Church.

I would work, myself, in some Church organization or auxiliary.

I would establish such easy basic habits as paying tithes, having prayers together, going to sacrament meetings regularly, and keeping the Word of Wisdom, and trust, thereby, that I would gain the necessary inspiration and strength to meet the

great trials and joys of our shared life.

If I were a young bride, I would try to simplify my life. I would examine ninety-nine percent of everything I did or bought to see if it was really worth while. I would not clutter my time nor my home with

*Let's*

## TALK IT OVER

inconsequential things. For example, if we truly loved figurines—delighting in their detail and delicacy of texture—I would have them, provided I had the means for purchase and the time for dusting, but before I bought them, I would try to decide, in all honesty, whether figurines contributed much to us personally, or whether I wanted them because all my friends' homes had them.

**I** WOULD own a home just as soon as I possibly could. I would not live with relatives one instant longer than was absolutely necessary, but, if for a time, it was necessary, I would try to fit into that home cheerfully and dutifully, remembering that it was equally difficult for all involved, and I would try to make one room or section inviolate-

ly our own. I would not live in a rented home one day longer than it took me to decide where I wanted to live; one day longer than it took me to be sure that I had a comfortable, workable, plan for our own home; one day longer than it took me to find a satisfactory way of financing that home—be it ever so small.

If I were a young bride—while I was waiting for a home of our own—I would spend all the time I could spare planning that home. In considering building, I would think of locations. I would try to find a little land for expansion. Then I would consider minimum homes that are easily enlarged. I would study, and question, and see what is currently developing in the world of prefabrication, and I would pray that restrictive, expensive building methods would give way before our urgent need of homes. I would investigate the possibilities of old homes—particularly if most of the work of renovation could be done by ourselves.

If I were a young bride, I would encourage my husband to forego owning an automobile for a while—that is, unless of course, we had ample means or his business demanded one. He would be surprised, I think, how happily I could get along without one and how much money we would save. Of course, with the present scarcity of cars, this doing without might be forced upon us. Nevertheless, whether forced upon us or not, doing without a car for a year or so would be an exceptionally good idea.

If I were a young bride, I would hope that I had had some training for homemaking, but whether I had or not, I would expose myself to the best ideas on housekeeping. I would learn to be efficient, and I would do my best to keep a clean, comfortable, and happy home. I would be neat and tidy if it did not interfere with more important things, but I would be orderly no matter with what it, seemingly, interfered because I would know that I could not accomplish anything—even the so-

(Continued on page 54)



#### EDITORIAL NOTE

J. N. WASHBURN, the author of the serial *Mulek*, which commences in this issue of the ERA, has long been interested in the Book of Mormon. With his father, J. A. Washburn, he wrote *An Approach to the Study of Book of Mormon Geography* in 1939, proving himself to be an astute student of this work. In the novel *Mulek*, the author has gone into the flora and fauna of the country where Mulek lived, as well as the characteristics of men and women who made the action of the story assume a vigorous truthness to life. J. N. Washburn has been a teacher and knows what will interest people, and has proceeded from this knowledge to weave a fascinating story of Book of Mormon days.

#### CHAPTER I

THE day was hot, with the copper sun beating down, and only a slight breeze stirring the air to give an illusion of coolness. Small clouds that floated occasionally between sun and earth gave a few moments of welcome relief.

Within the jungle, however, there was a delightful freshness where the age-old earth had hoarded its damp-

ness under a bed of dead leaves and branches, deposited there lavishly from year to year, century after century.

On a narrow trail that seemed a stranger to the jungle fastnesses, so infrequent were openings of any kind, two men were moving, one just behind the other. From their manner of walking it was clear that they were either hunting or being hunted, for they went slowly, carefully, looking always about them.

The one behind was large and loose-limbed, a powerful fellow nearing middle age. He carried an ax, an indispensable implement since it was often necessary to cut a way through the undergrowth. The other, Mulek, the Zarahemlaite, was young.

Both were dressed in soft leather garments that protected them from the clutching fingers and greedy teeth of the forest. Their feet were shod in heavy sandals that kept them from the dampness of the ground. On their heads they wore brightly colored turbans, in strange and agreeable contrast with the somberness of the other parts of their costumes.

The young man carried in his hand a short, powerful bow to the

# MULEK

string of which he had an arrow ready. It was plainly a hunting weapon for small game, suitable for use with a minimum of time and space. From his left hip hung a small sword of exquisite quality, workmanship, and design.

He moved so slowly that he seemed to go almost with the regularity and rhythm of a dance. The man was looking closely into the dense brush that hid the ground. He was hunting with an intentness that was almost tense.

"There is no longer blood upon the trail," the other said suddenly.

"So I had noticed. Omer. Our game has taken to the cover of the underbrush. I fear we shall lose him, for it grows dark already within the shadows."

HARDLY had he spoken when there came an outburst that was neither a squeal nor a grunt though it had much of both. It shattered the





# of Zarahemla

By J. N. WASHBURN

silence. Although the men had been awaiting just such a cry, they were startled, it was so near and so wild. Mulek whirled as if without his own effort. For an instant the older man was rooted in his tracks.

From a clump of bushes at the foot of a large tree shot a living catapult.

It was a wild boar, not large, but ferocious beyond belief. His eyes were bloodshot; his mouth and jaws were brutally torn; his tusks, ugly and stained, were like the dull points of rusty weapons. From his thigh protruded the shaft of a broken arrow.

The servant swung with his ax as the animal charged, but missed, so sudden and terrifying was the attack. The beast, mad with pain, struck Mulek on the leg, slashing open the legging and making an ugly gash in the flesh. Both man and brute lost balance and reeled. The boar plowed head foremost into

the rich dirt but came up instantly, his jaws black with earth.

Omer dared not use the ax again for fear of striking his master. The young man could not recover his equilibrium in time to make effective use of bow and arrow. Dropping them, he snatched expertly at the thin blade at his side. It seemed almost to anticipate his wish, it came away so quickly. The hunter met the oncoming beast with a deadly thrust. The sword passed entirely through the boar's body from side to side, from shoulder to ribs. So fast was the animal coming, so powerfully did he strike the earth that his body sprang along the shining sword until his snapping tusks flipped bloody foam on the man's arm.

Mulek put out his hand against a tree to steady himself for a moment because of the strain on mind and body, the shock to nerve and flesh.

"You are wounded!" Omer

rushed to his side. The youth smiled ruefully and regarded his ruined hunting suit and his bleeding leg.

"It is nothing," he replied as he looked down at the carcass that still quivered and kicked at his feet. "Anyhow, it was worth it." In a gesture of genuine admiration he touched the boar with his toe. "He was a fighter, with more courage in his heart than is to be found in many a man."

The servant tore a strip from his undergarment and bound up the wound. It was, as the other had said, nothing, but it would cause considerable inconvenience and discomfort before it could heal.

"That is the best we can do now," the attendant observed when he had finished. "Later we shall require a physician."

"Thank you, Omer. Gather up my things, and we shall be on our way. The day grows late."

OMER withdrew the sword from the boar's body, wiped it on the leaves and then on his own hunting suit, and handed it to his master. He picked up the ax, the bow and arrow, and the body of the boar, and prepared to set out for the city.

(Continued on page 24)

## MULEK OF ZARAHEMLA

(Continued from page 23)

Mulek adjusted his clothing, tried a careful step or two on his injured leg, and moved off toward the edge of the wilderness to the east.

And what a wilderness it was! There were trees of every kind and size, of every age and color, some with slick boles and others with bark like a landscape, some with branches and leaves delicate as lacework, trees that stood proudly by themselves, trees that huddled together in a frightened fashion. Branches and vines and serpentine creepers ran confidently here and there or felt experimentally about. Flowers, long unused to sunshine, seemed not to miss it, for their hues were bright and even gay.

Birds and animals were everywhere, covert and hidden in the presence of the master, man, or screeching and barking and chattering noisily and angrily at his invasion of their habitat. Birds with crooked feet, with big bills or fantastically small ones, with gorgeous plumage or dull as earth, with songs that thrilled the hearer, or noises that disgusted him, large birds and squabby birds, ugly or graceful—birds, birds, birds! They were there in incredible numbers and forms.

What a wilderness it was!

Through it, without interest, without fear, without haste, Mulek of Zarahemla made his way toward his home.

It had been said of Mulek, the young hunter, in delight and in despair, in pride and in anger, that there was no one else like him. He was at once the best liked, the most misunderstood, and the most thoroughly disliked, the most popular, and the most shunned among the legion of those who knew him. Seeing him for the first time casually, one would have been sure he was just passing from youth to manhood, and that impression might have persisted had not one noticed the deep and searching quality of his eyes, eyes that knew too much and had seen too much for one who was still very young in years. Having seen more of him, no one could have doubted that he was more than a youth in experience.

His one passion in the world was the pursuit of pleasure. He lived for the enjoyment of each minute of every hour in the livelong day. What-

ever whim came to him he would gratify if it pleased him to do so, whether it came to challenging a man, on any pretext whatever, or no pretext at all, or giving away princely gifts. He was wholly selfish, not in the sense that he injured or oppressed others, but that whether he gave or took, it was for the satisfaction he derived from the act. He denied himself nothing that promised or gave any thrill or profit of any degree or kind.

Moreover, he was in a position to feed his desires. Mulek, thanks to the wisdom and position of his late father, was immensely wealthy, with properties in many parts of the land. He commanded one of the greatest fortunes in all the country of the Nephites.

More than that, he was a direct descendant of those first Mulekites, of that line of kings fathered by Zedekiah of Jerusalem. He could trace his lineage straight back to the first Mulek, son of Zedekiah, who had come from the doomed Jewish capital.

**B**UT for an accident of history, the change from kings to judges, he might even then have been the ruler of his nation. His dislike of responsibility and work, his natural laziness, and his absorption in the quest for gratification kept him from becoming more prominent than he was.

Something of all this went through Mulek's mind as he made his way, painfully and slowly, homeward from his hunting, choosing for his passage, as always, the most popular thoroughfares, for he loved to be seen.

As he approached the city of Zarahemla from the west, he could not keep his thoughts upon his injury nor even upon himself. Something about the city he loved always gave him a sense of pride, of power. It was the noblest city in all the world of which he knew anything.

Zarahemla, capital of the land of that name, was a princely place set upon the broad sloping side of a mountain's foothills. It was like a rare gem in a priceless setting, brilliant in its beauty, looking eastward to the sea. Near its walls flowed the silver Sidon on the east, a rapidly widening stream late from the wilderness to the south.

Mulek brought himself up short, jerked rudely, as it were, from his contemplation of the city. His leg was getting worse; it was becoming stiff and exceedingly painful. Suppose it laid him up for a few days at home!

Perish the thought! What would he, Mulek of Zarahemla, do, confined to his house for days on end? He found it hard enough as a general thing to remain still or in one place for even a few hours.

Then a new worry came to him. He had an engagement on that very night with some acquaintances, a matter that promised some diversion of a kind he had never had before, and he rejected violently the thought that he would have to miss it, even while he began more and more to favor his throbbing ankle.

**A** MALICKIAH, a man of tremendous powers and winning manner, with some friends, was stirring up widespread interest in a reform of government. Mulek had no concern whatever with either government or reform, but he did look with anticipation upon the process of bringing about changes, if this process furnished him entertainment.

As he entered the city, limping noticeably, he came upon a gathering in the street, a large group of people who appeared to be intently interested in something. In a moment his practised eye had taken in enough details to enable him to identify the gathering. He smiled. This would be fully as good as one of Amalickiah's addresses upon the subject of the government. He knew at once what was happening, and he knew also what he was going to do about it. Here would be at least a few minutes' sport.

In the center of the circle of men and women stood a familiar figure, familiar even in the lowering dusk, familiar to almost everyone in all the land of Zarahemla. It was the priest, Shiblon, brother of Helaman, chief high priest over all the church.

It was a common affair, Mulek told himself, or would be unless he could redeem it from commonplaceness by injecting some life into it. He would do his best.

He wormed his way with little difficulty through the outer fringe of

(Continued on page 48)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





## ...and so the MOVIES!

By Marba C. Josephson

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

"T's a date," and Mary hangs up the phone and announces to the family that she and Bob are going to take in a movie. And away they go—a sample of the endless stream of young and old, who, eager for entertainment, file into the moving picture houses throughout the world. And this movie business is an expensive one—both in time and in money. We seldom stop to think of the millions of dollars that roll into the ticket offices or of the billions of hours that are consumed in going to shows.

But more important than the money and time spent, important as they are, are the ideas that are taken away from these places of amusement—sometimes to the everlasting good of the movie-goer, and more often to his eternal detriment.

And who are these high moguls of the movie industry that have made such inroads into the lives of all of us, and have done so much to shape our desires? They are men and women who have discovered our weaknesses and how to play on them. One of the most deleterious effects of the movies is that they tend to play up a set of false standards. Innately in all of us lies a desire for luxury—so what do the movie directors do? They find some lush piece in which the actors loll about in magnificent homes with gorgeous clothes and jewels that are simply fabulous, where the food is completely out of this world! Oh, of course, in some rare instances the characters don't have much to start

SINCE movies have become so important a part of modern living, the ERA feels that Church members should become alert to the benefit and danger that lie in them. In this brief series, we are emphasizing a few of the important questions to raise in rating movies. Some of the subjects to be treated deal with plot, characterization, theme, message, comedy, tragedy, and truthness-to-life or verisimilitude.

If you have any suggestions or comments you should like to make, the editors will gladly welcome them.

THE EDITORS

with, but they—or the directors—do some Horatio Alger trick and have everything wonderful in the end.

A recent example of this is the seemingly historical spectacle, *Unconquered*. In this movie, the slavery goes around in gunnysack, (which cannot subdue her beauty, else how could she become the fitting subject for battle between the hero and the villain), until at long last the hero clothes her in gorgeous silks and laces, which he had brought for his faithless sweetheart (a favorite trick of the movies to help create wildly beating hearts which feel so sorry for the hero!). Now these clothes, although designed for another and carried against such a need by the hero into the wilderness while he is hunting down renegade whites and Indians, are donned by the now scrubbed and radiant slavery, so that she easi-

ly captures the fancy of everyone at the big ball. And even though she is exposed, she has won the hearts of the hero and villain at least, although it takes some strenuous doing on the hero's part to rescue her by ascending a waterfall, rescuing her singlehanded from the Indians, and taking her back down the falls without too much difficulty. The following statement indicates how one writer feels:

The movies in the United States have captured the universal language of the human race. Our pictures have topped the market for years. They have colored our lives, affected our social mores and acted as the chief interpreter of the United States—its manners, habits, and standards—throughout the world. I am not here concerned with the merits of the product. Whether the pictures do us justice, whether they approximate the true portrayal of our folkway—those are subjects of separate controversy. I do not even care to argue whether they are educational or merely entertainment, for I am persuaded that education at its best is high entertainment and that entertainment at its worst can't help but be bad education.<sup>1</sup>

These influences, noted and indisputable, that Mr. Ernst does not go into, are of course the very fiber of that with which we are concerned. When we consider that in all of the countries of the world, these films are being shown and that many of the countries are producing films of their own patterned on them, we may guess that, for better or for worse, the movies are tending to

<sup>1</sup>Morris L. Ernst, *The First Freedom*, Macmillan Co., New York, 1946, p. 181

(Concluded on page 31)



A very early picture of Bluff, Utah.

# HOLE in the ROCK

*By Anna Prince Redd*

## CHAPTER XIII—CONCLUSION

NEXT MORNING the men gathered for the drawing, and by the time the sun was up only the women and children were left at the wagons. Scarcely a word was spoken. There was a list of names, and as each man was called, he was to reach into a hat and draw his slip. And there were but few who did not dread to draw. How would a man feel to draw a land number while his friend—perhaps even his father or his brother—drew a blank? Not a man was in a position to move on. And those who stayed might have to face greater odds than those who went. But the habit of obedience to counsel and authority was strong. They had endured too much to waver now. What was fair for one was fair for all, they said, and tried to believe it.

One by one the slips were drawn. One by one men walked away. But not singly did the rumors die. Fed by the flame of hunger and privation, consumed by desire to possess and till the soil they had lost so much to gain, those who drew blanks began to murmur. Those who drew slips could do little but agree with them.

Who was in a position to move on? Was not one man's team as crippled as another's? Had they not all fought together and alike? Then should they not share alike? Who had earned favoritism? Who was not needed to complete the mission?

Already they were surrounded by Indians—three to every white man camped against the bluffs. The call to every man had been identical. The responsibility for the success of the mission was identical. Why should it be different now?

"I can't move out of my tracks," Bill Hutchings cried. "We ought to share alike, I say. It don't look fair to me!"

"What could be fairer?" Kumen argued, trying to turn the direction of men's talk. "We all had the same chance. Look at the leaders, even. Why, Brother Lyman, himself, drew a blank. So did George Sevy. You don't hear them complaining. And no one did more for the mission than they did!"

"You got your land allotment, Kumen, I notice," someone jeered. "You can afford to talk with mush in your mouth."

"He never talks with mush in his mouth," Stanford cried. "I drew a blank, and I'm goin' on. There's just as good fish in the sea as was ever caught out of it." He spat at a lizard and walked away.

Sunday, April 11: Again the day was warm. In spite of the sense of insecurity and rebellion that was evident in the camp, the Sunday morning services opened with calm regularity. Shaded by a broad old cottonwood that was to share intimately the life of the little community, the people waited through shortened preliminaries for the fateful discussion of the drawing. As

soon as the meeting was thrown open for discussion, James Pace arose and in a calm and dignified manner proposed that the drawing be thrown out. He faced the leaders fearlessly, arguing well for both sides. There was often a stir of dissent or approval, but he finished and sat down again, knowing that he had gained nothing. Other speakers followed. Tension grew, and, to avoid disaffection, Platt dismissed the meeting, promising to reopen the discussion in the evening, giving men time to humble themselves before the Lord and pray for guidance in the matter.

THE evening session was stormy.

Reports came in that some of those who had drawn blanks were taking things into their own hands and staking land which had already been staked by those who had drawn their allotments. Debate followed debate, and again the motion was made to throw out the lottery. And this time it carried.

"We're still going on," Arabella told Mary, after the meeting. "Stanford drew a blank, and he's sticking to it."

"I know. Stanford's like that. Sometimes I wish he wasn't so painfully upright. He stands in his own light most of the time."

Arabella silenced Mary with a swift look of surprise. "I'm glad enough to go to Montezuma," she said. "I'm sorry that you don't understand. Stanford believes in following the leaders, not in having the leaders follow the whims of the people. And I'm not sure but that we were the lucky ones."

Mary sighed. If things kept on as they were, friend would turn against friend, and there would be no happiness left.

"It was voted that we should all share alike in whatever the future holds, Arabella. You could stay here if you would. I'll be lonely if you go away."

"I'll be lonely, too, Mary. But it is better for some to go on. With our growing family we need more room than we can have here. And it's only a few miles to Montezuma. You'll have to come up the river to trade, so we'll get to see each other at least twice a year. I can hardly wait to get started. You go ahead and help Kumen build that big rock house you have planned so long. First thing you know you'll not miss



anyone—even the folk back home.”

Again Mary sighed. “What need will we have for a big house—or for acres of land? It doesn’t take much to take care of *two* people.”

Arabella’s arm encircled Mary’s waist. “Do you remember the day of the quilting back home, Mary,” she said, “the day the call came?”

Mary nodded.

“You were unsure of everything

“Why do you say *stormy* existence?” Mary demanded. “You mean trouble with the Indians?”

“I mean outlaws, white or red, and there are plenty of both. We’ll have to struggle against the greatest odds a people can know—not the least of which is the country itself.”

Mary looked at the glowing cliffs that towered about the little valley. “I don’t see how there can be any-

“Not with that horde of Indians hanging around!” Kumen smiled ruefully. “Their cayuses are cleaning us out of grass, just as the squaws and papooses are cleaning us out of food and belongings. They fight among themselves and try to fight with us.”

“They are pretty quarrelsome, all right. One threatened to strike me yesterday while you were at the drawing.”

Kumen swung Mary toward him. “Mary, don’t ever leave camp alone,” he warned, “not for one single minute! Our only protection is to keep together and hold our tempers. You and Aunt Kisten should move your wagons closer to the main camp! That Indian will be back!”

“He’ll not dare. I threw scalding water in his face!”

Kumen’s lips closed in a tight line of apprehension.

“Don’t you worry about me,” Mary said with grim determination. “I’ll be careful—but I’m not going to give them *everything* they want. They’ll find I’m not afraid of them!”

“What did the Indian want? Was it anything special?”

“Our wedding quilt—the one your mother made for us.”

“You shouldn’t let them see such things!”

“And why not? Haven’t I got a right to air my own bedding?”



Left to right:  
Kumen Jones; Jens  
Nielson, first bishop;  
Lemuel Kedd.

then. Unsure and afraid. Now you are sure and unafraid. Already the women of the camps look to you for help, and by the time you’re a few years older you’ll be mother to everyone. Then you’ll have a full and rich life.”

“You’re kind, Arabella. And, somehow, I feel my roots going deeper and deeper into this place, as if we had known it was for us since before the world began. It’s strange how we fit or don’t fit into places, isn’t it? Somehow I know there’ll be fulfillment for us here.”

Stanford called, and Arabella kissed Mary good-bye. “Whatever comes to either of us,” she said, “you will be the first to hear. Good-bye, Mary.”

MARY shaded her eyes against the morning sun and saw them drive away. And with the last bouncing jolt of the wagon that came back to her, came the sure belief that she would never see Arabella again. She began to cry, long wracking sobs that shook her and left her spent. Kumen came and stood beside her, wordless in the face of her grief. Their fingers met and clung together for a moment, then they turned and walked toward their allotted piece of land.

“Our town will be larger today than at any other time of its stormy existence,” Kumen said regretfully. “Many more will go away.”

thing but peace in such a spot as this,” she said. “I want to stay here till I die.”

“And so do I. But there are some in our company who are getting away as fast as they can—back to southern Utah, or on east to Colorado towns. We who stay will have a heartbreaking, never-ending task, trying to keep water from the river in our ditch.”



BLUFF CEMETERY

“Why, Kumen?”

“We have no materials to work with. Nothing for building a rip-rap except porous cottonwood logs, boulders, and sand. Our teams are too poor and weak to pull either wagons or plows.”

“But now that we are here where there is plenty of grass, the teams will pick up,” Mary said.

“He’ll be back, Mary. And I hope I’m around when he comes.”

“No Indian will get my log cabin quilt!”

“I almost believe you,” he said. “And, anyway, we’ve got too much to do to worry about a wedding quilt. There’s the ditch to build.”

“And what about a house?”

(Continued on page 28)

## HOLE IN THE ROCK

(Continued from page 27)

"That, too. I'll cut the logs while you start clearing the brush away."

"Hadh't we ought to give our town a name, Kumen?"

"Bill Hutchings started calling it *Bluff City*, and the name seems to stick."

"I like it," Mary said emphatically. "It saves me the trouble of thinking one up."

"Someone is coming, Mary. A horseman just came in sight from up the river."

"Maybe it's Stanford!"

"No—it looks like—Mary, it is! It's George Hobbs!"

"He's come back to the mission."

"I knew he would. People like George Hobbs never quit. He'll help to relieve the situation here. He has great weight with the Indians."

There were tears in Mary's eyes as hand in hand they walked out to meet the scout.

FOR the long, trying days of that first summer the wagon beds served as bedrooms, and open, or three-sided sheds for living rooms. But houses began springing up all over town, built of cottonwood logs that were so crooked they were called *ram's horn timber*.

"Our walls bow in and out with wonderful irregularity," Kumen laughed to Mary as they worked on their house. "Chinks from an inch to twelve inches thick! I'm glad that's your job."

"If the Indians would only leave us alone, we could get something done, Kumen. I declare nothing is safe from them. I had this end nearly chinked up yesterday, and a bunch of them slipped in and tore it all out while I was down at the river for water."

"I told you not to go away from the camp alone," Kumen cried. "Renegade Utes are on the warpath. The Indians are being mistreated in some places up along the river, and it reacts on all of us. *These* Indians are apparently friendly, but they raise goose-pimples with their cruelty. Killing, or mutilating our stock just for the fun of it, stripping our poultry of feathers, and—"

"They'd better not touch my setting hen nor bother our little new calf. I'll kick the first Ute or Navajo that tries it!"

A sudden wild whoop sent them

both flying into the yard in time to see the backs of five young Utes, fleeing in a cloud of dust.

"They've been up to no good," Kumen said grimly. "You'd better stay in the house."

"And leave my setting hen?" Mary cried. "Not if I know it!"

She raced toward the small brush chicken coop, but Kumen's shocked voice, calling her name, sent her flying to the corral.

"The cowl!" Kumen cried. "Every udder gone!"

Mary took one look and turned away, attacked by a deadly faintness. She leaned against the corral fence and shook with sobs.

A sudden, sharp intake of his breath brought Mary's head up from the fence. She saw his eyes grow cold with anger, saw him rip a stake from the fence, saw him raising it threateningly above his head, then let it fall to his side, where he clutched it with trembling, impotent hands.

There was a surprised grunt, a guttural that every white woman had come to dread, and Mary whirled to face an insolent young Piute, astride his horse, grinning with devilry because he thought the white man had not dared to strike.

"You!" Mary gasped, and before she could think what was happening, the Indian had whirled his horse and was gone.

"He's the one who wanted our wedding quilt," she said dazedly. "And—now see what he's done!"

She turned from the dying heifer and walked away, not knowing that the new calf lay dead behind the manger, cut to slits.

DAY after day their malicious depredations continued, for Brigham Young's policy of feeding, not fighting, the Indians had been adopted almost to the point of disaster. Women—often alone in the town for weeks at a time while their husbands were away working for money to finish the ditch, and for food and clothing—lay in their wagons at night, listening to the coyotes howl, dreading to hear the savage shriek that would precede an attack, for they were constantly surrounded by warring factions who fought each other upon the least provocation.

Because the Indians were so arrogant and insulting in their demands, the Indian word *potlatch* became the most feared sound a white woman could hear.

But it was the ditch, not the Indians, that was the real threat to the colony's existence. No sooner was a rip-rap begun than it went out again, swept away by a capricious undercurrent in the unpredictable river. From the first, teams had been too weak and too poor to stand, much less to work, and men were forced to pull the plows by hand for the planting. The ditch crew rolled huge boulders to the river banks to reinforce the dam, because they could not pull them and the wagons too. Miles of the ditch they dug by hand with pick and shovel. And with the grueling work went the gnawing of incessant hunger.

But with high hopes the people planted their crops of corn, barley, oats, and sugar cane, with enough wheat for bread. The women planted small gardens, without the waste of a single seed, and carried water from the river to bring the seeds up.

Mary watched for the breaking through of her first green rows. And when they came, something vibrant responded within her. They were life—new and rewarding—the promise of something wonderful to come. She would keep them alive if she had to carry water every hour of the day until the ditch came in.

"I'm simply alive with happiness," she told her father one day as he came hobbling up the path to visit her. "I never saw plants grow so fast."

"Dot is good. Ve have little to eat. I have rationed what food ve have to the ditch crews, leaving the vimmen and children to go hungry! It is all ve can do."

"If only President Silas Smith would rejoin us—" Mary began, but her father interrupted sharply. "It is for us to do our own work. See you keep this garden growing!"

He started away, but turned to say gently, "I'm glad you are happy. Ya." His brows knit together in a sternly parental line. "My daughter, ven the time is ripe, I shall have a blessing for you—a very great blessing. You shall see."

(Continued on page 46)



# the spoken word

## FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

### *New Fears and Old*

ANY MAN who could free other men of all their fears would surely have an innumerable following. Fear is a killer of men, a destroyer of peace and effectiveness, and to be free from fear is an ideal earnestly to be sought after. But no man can free all other men of all their fears, for no man can control all of the factors that contribute to fear. And if any man could control all the factors of fear, he could control us also. Let's look a little further to see if this is not so. Consider, for example, just one of the fears that is uppermost in the minds of men: the fear of economic insecurity. Suppose that it were possible for any man to guarantee all other men freedom from this fear. If this were so, should we not then have cause to fear the man who had the power to make it so? If he had the power to give so much, would he not also have the power to take it away? And should we not then have cause to fear his whims and caprices and changes of purpose? And, since men come and go, should we not then have cause to fear that new Pharaohs would arise, and that old fears would return? You see, we are sometimes guilty of seeing only part of our problem—for the removing of one fear often leads to another. And satisfying as it would be to be free of this one fear, there is more to life than this. The man in jail has food and shelter. And anyone can get into jail. Cattle are fed and physically cared for. But neither the man in jail nor the cattle in the corral have much to offer that would interest any man who has tasted of the fruits of freedom. Loss of freedom is too big a price to pay for the removal of this one fear—or even of many fears. And actually

our fears are not removed in this manner anyway but merely postponed or exchanged for new ones. Perhaps there are few, if any, in this life who are free from all fears. Perhaps the fullness of this cherished blessing is reserved for heaven. But the nearest approach to it that we know of comes to free men who are willing to work, who have faith in the future, trust in God, and a conscience that deserves to be quiet.

—November 2, 1947.

### *On Going Into Debt*

THERE is a commonplace proverb which says that "Procrastination is the thief of time."<sup>1</sup> But there is also another thief of time which preys upon the present and the future, and that is debt. As an eighteenth century almanac expressed it: "If you want time to pass quickly, just give your note for ninety days."<sup>2</sup> The future comes fast when a debt is coming due. There are many reasons why men go into debt—some unavoidable, some seemingly necessary, some foolish and inexcusable. But no matter how good or how bad the reasons, no matter how avoidable or unavoidable, trying to figure out how to pay for yesterday's expenditures on tomorrow's prospects is a discouraging picture. That which is beyond our ability to pay, ultimately proves to be beyond our enjoyment also, because juggling past-due bills, apologizing for unpaid obligations, and walking out of our way to avoid meeting the man to whom we owe money make life miserable. Being

able to look every man in the face, living within our means, buying wisely and carefully rather than hastily and foolishly are important factors in successful and contented living. Of course there are those who take their debts lightly. There are those who assume that a debt is a creditor's worry and not a debtor's worry. And there are those who hope that they will never have to pay—that some miracle, some Santa Claus, or some forgiving soul, will relieve them of their honest obligations. But this false philosophy has been the undoing of many a man. Optimism is a glorious attribute. But it takes more than optimism to meet a promise to pay. It would also appear that there are some who never intend to pay. But incurring a voluntary debt without the prospect or intention of paying is a flagrant form of dishonesty. When we owe money, we owe it. And money we owe is another man's money. So much for not getting into debt. But when we do get in, we have an obligation to dig out as best we can. And, in the words of Thomas Carlyle, "two ways of paying a debt" are by "increase of industry" and "increase of thrift."<sup>3</sup> If there is anything we should worry about and do something about, it is our unpaid obligations—for a man in debt is not a free man.

—November 9, 1947.

<sup>1</sup>Edward Young: *Night Thoughts*, I, 1742.

<sup>2</sup>R. B. Thomas: *Farmers' Almanac*, 1797.

<sup>3</sup>Thomas Carlyle: *Past and Present*, X, 1843.

### *Conversation with Conscience*

EVERY man should have a frequent conversation with his conscience. Conscience is an excellent counselor—if it hasn't been tampered with too

(Concluded on page 30)



HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATION-WIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

(Concluded from page 29)

much. Of course it is to be admitted that an active conscience is often very inconvenient. It sometimes interferes with some of the things people think they want to do, which conscience tells them they ought not to do. And so, many men make the mistake of trying to talk down their conscience. Often they do talk it down. They do small things to which they cannot give inward approval. Then conscience begins to talk, and they begin to talk back. And it sometimes becomes a question of who is going to listen to whom. And if they are persistent enough to quiet their conscience on some small matter, there then may follow something a little more serious, and a little more talking back to conscience. Thus the degree of offense or of neglect or whatever it is, may be ever increased. By this progressive process there is almost nothing in which we cannot justify ourselves if we deliberately set about to blind our inward eyes. By this process we can crowd con-

science into a corner on almost any issue, for the moment at least, by telling ourselves only one side of the story. But, when a man tries to out-argue his conscience, one of two or three things may happen. Either conscience becomes more acute and finally wins its way; or he may silence it for awhile, or seem to do so, until it begins to talk back with added vengeance; or he may persist to the point of wearing callouses on his conscience—to the point where it becomes dull and unresponsive. But when conscience becomes dull, so do other sensibilities. Increasing callousness of conscience means increasing callousness of spirit, and that means knowing less and less of the sweet and simple pleasures and the finer feelings of life. Conscience is a safety device, and when we tamper with safety devices, we give an open invitation to trouble and to tragedy, to misery and remorse. When a man thinks he is winning against conscience, actually he is losing.

—November 16, 1947.

## Antæus\*

PERHAPS it would not be untimely to retell the story of Antæus, the giant of mythology, whose strength was unconquerable so long as he remained in contact with his mother, Earth. Those who came to his country were compelled to wrestle with him, and many such, not knowing the source of his strength, would throw him to earth, from which he would gain greater power, and rise stronger than he fell. But Hercules, so runs the story, forewarned of these things, avoided throwing the giant down, but lifted him high above the strength-giving earth, where Antæus weakened and was strangled in mid-air. There are inferences to be drawn from this classic myth. One is the reminder that close living to the good earth is a source of physical and moral and spiritual strength. This is the verdict of history as far back as it goes, and those peoples and those nations and those civilizations who have forgotten it have not fared well in times of crises. Being too far removed from the soil has often caused loss of security, living from hand to

mouth, weakening of moral force, distortion of the sense of values, a weaning away from self-dependence, and even failure to survive. There is another application of this ancient story, less tangible but fully as important. Sometimes men, in the ignorance of their small wisdom, presume themselves to be all-sufficient in matters of mind and of spirit and withdraw themselves from that God and Father in whose image they were made. A dwarfing of mentality and a blighting of the spirit within are the result, and what follows is worse than physical failure, because it affects that part of man which is immortal—his spirit and intelligence. These inferences from the story of Antæus teach timeless truths: Men who remove themselves too far from the fundamental sources of physical and spiritual strength, whose way of life does not quite touch heaven or earth, run the risk, like Antæus, of weakening and withering. For safety we must keep our feet on the ground, and our thoughts and lives in touch with higher things—or we shall be stripped both of physical and spiritual reserves.

—November 30, 1947.

## Specifications of Happiness\*

PERHAPS it is a good time to remind ourselves again that mere things are not as important as is our attitude toward them. It is possible for people to put themselves in a frame of mind—and many of them do—where they know they can't be happy unless all that pertains to their material world comes up to certain arbitrary specifications—the house they live in, the car they drive, the clothes they wear, and the pleasures they pursue. We can readily make ourselves unhappy by setting our hearts upon things which are not essential to happiness. Most of us are happy in the years of our youth, with only small things to make us so. It is not until we complicate our lives or until we let someone complicate them for us—until we become victims of our environment, victims of false standards, of wrong thinking—that we find great unhappiness. It might be well on occasion to sit down soberly and confront ourselves with this fact: Our pioneer and pilgrim forefathers, and uncounted millions of others in present and past generations, have been sincerely happy without the material things which we think are so essential to our happiness. There come pertinently to mind these words that Paul wrote to Timothy: "But godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."<sup>1</sup> It would seem that the superstructure that complicates our lives should be recognized for what it is, and that non-essentials, desirable as they are or sometimes seem to be should not be permitted to confuse and warp our thinking and make us unhappy if we don't have them. With proper perspective there is profound pleasure in simple and commonplace things. And with freedom, with straight thinking, and with clear objectives, any generation can learn to live happily without unlimited material comforts and encumbrances.

—November 23, 1947.  
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\*Revised.  
<sup>1</sup> 1 Timothy 6:6-7.



## AND SO THE MOVIES

(Concluded from page 25)

create attitudes—and those attitudes are being crystallized into actions—again, for better or for worse.

IN a recent news release some terrible crimes had been perpetrated in one of the states of the Union. When the criminal was apprehended, he was questioned concerning his actions. In the course of the trial, it developed that he had gone to a thriller-diller movie, had committed the crime, had then gone to another of the same type of movie which had further whetted his appetite, and he had gone out again and committed another crime.

There are those who state that it is impossible to trace any effect on the minds and hearts of those who attend picture shows. Yet this incident was reported by police who had questioned the violator of the law. Other reports of a similar nature have been made a matter of record and could be cited.

This does not necessarily mean that we should condemn movies unqualifiedly. There are many good movies, but they are so interspersed with the bad ones that it is difficult to know what to see and what to avoid seeing. And there are no organizations or agencies that preview movies that can fully satisfy Latter-day Saints as to the calibre of the show.

We have certain ideals and standards which must be maintained if we are to remain worthy of the name Latter-day Saint. And yet movies flagrantly ignore or openly violate many of these standards which have been given us by divine revelation. One example of this violation is smoking, which is accepted as the most casual action on the part of men and women in most movies. The smoking has nothing to do with the furtherance of the plot, as a general rule; it merely gives the actors something to do with their hands—supplies a bit of action that could easily be cared for in other ways. The result of seeing this constant smoking, even upon the most stable of our people, tends to lessen the force of our ideal. We need only recall the verse of Pope to indicate how true this is:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.\*

Drinking, too, becomes a commonplace among movie characters. Anyone who watches the casualness with which liquor is consumed in the movies cannot help feeling that something should be done to counteract the matter-of-factness with which this consumption of liquor is accepted. In fact, all but the very secure believers in our principle of the Word of Wisdom could easily be misled into thinking that our stress on total abstinence is unessential.

ANOTHER insidious influence of the movies is the easy attitude towards love and marriage. Flirtatiousness and fickleness seem, for the most part, the qualities most sought after in the modern movie. It is only rarely that we find a movie that glorifies marriage. One exceptional example was that of *Madame Curie* in which the love of the Curies became a wondrous thing. Their devotion carried on in spite of the death of Pierre. Another good feature of this picture was the strong family loyalty and love—between the children and their parents and grandparents, as well as that between husband and wife. This movie was good, too, for it showed the value of attachment to a great cause. Because the Curies knew what they wished to accomplish, the hardships which they had to undergo became relatively unimportant. This picture made the audience feel that poverty, inadequate housing, loneliness, even

succeeding failures were bearable in the face of the work that had to be done. Their indomitable will to achieve, not for themselves selfishly, but for the scientific world and the world at large through scientific application, superseded all the difficulties that lay in the path.

Certainly it would be unfair to state that the broken homes in the world are directly traceable to the effects of the movies. Yet it is undoubtedly true that the increasing divorce rate has been given an impetus by the laxity with which the marriage vow is considered in the pictures. When the final judgment is taken, the movie moguls will have to answer for much.

Another writer stated:

Hollywood has made anti-American propaganda all over the world on a prodigious scale. Of course it's popular. Men like their piece of cheesecake—the cheesier the better—and the girls like to see love being made. . . . How then can you expect other nations to respect you as a moral nation? You could answer, of course, with some degree of justice and truth: "Hollywood isn't America." Granted: but how were we to know better when, as it were, the only Americans we could meet in the flesh happened to be your tourists?<sup>2</sup>

What does this all boil down to? Well, it boils down to just this: If we wish the movies to give us what they could in the way of good, all of us who attend movies must become more intelligent critics of that which we see. Criticism, by the way, includes the good and the bad. A definition of this word reads: "the art of judging with knowledge and propriety the beauties and faults of works of art or literature; hence, similar consideration of moral or logical values."<sup>4</sup>

And, strangely enough, the more accurately we can judge a movie, the better will be our enjoyment of the good movies which we elect to attend. As we increase the number of intelligently alert movie-goers, the better will be the productions that will be filmed—because the producers will learn that they can't foist just any old thing on us, and they will become more careful of that which they use as the basis for their wares.



\*Alexander Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epics II, 1, 127

<sup>2</sup>Heinrich Hauser, *The German Talks Back*, Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1945, pp 27-28  
<sup>4</sup>G. C. Merriam, *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*

# Editorials

## *Each Day a New Year*

HOLIDAYS sometimes have a way of becoming confusing since they seem to be an end-all in themselves. Yet behind each holiday is a psychological reason for its having been so designated, a value for humanity that should be recalled whenever this day returns. The universal Christian holidays of Easter and Christmas, for example, should have great significance, indicating as they do, the resurrection as well as the birth of the Savior of the world. Too frequently, however, we get lost in the celebration and forget the idea behind these two special days.

And so it is with New Year's. Behind the day, itself, is the idea of a beginning—a repentance, if you will—an opportunity to begin again and do better. And no principle of the gospel is more needful than this for humans who are subject to make mistakes. New Year's epitomizes this principle with the hopefulness that lies in making of new resolutions. But resolutions for this day are purposeless and insignificant unless behind them is the determination to make each day a new adventure in the art of living, attaining a little bit closer to the ideal which is set.

In a resolution, as in repentance, each day is a beginning. Naturally, the day's actions are conditioned by those of all the yesterdays in a person's life. And what those yesterdays were and what today is will constitute what tomorrow will be. Keeping the New Year's resolutions will be determined largely by the yesterdays—plus the character of the person making them. In the final estimate, each new day is a beginning, a New Year. Whether we make any resolutions on the first day of the year or not, makes little difference. Each of us should certainly make resolutions at frequent intervals in order to improve ourselves—and then we should see that we keep the resolutions.

There is only one way to assure the todays and the tomorrows, and that is to scrutinize carefully and wisely each day. Each morning a careful consideration can be given to the important things that need to be done. Thus inconsequential things will be eliminated; the day will be cleared for intelligent action; and accomplishments of permanent value will be made. And in the evening the day could be reviewed to learn what has been achieved.

Each day thus becomes a step in the progress that we desire to make—a sure building for eternity, since the day-by-day actions become an integral part of that eternal life. It is only gradually that we attain perfection, not by any sudden miracle. We are creatures of habit, and most of the time grateful for that fact, since habits release

the mind for greater achievements. It would be rather a fearful thing if we had to be consciously aware every time we wished to talk. We take for granted that we can walk until something happens that makes us realize how important a habit we have formed. Thus good habits are a source of satisfaction. The payment of tithes, when made habitual, is not difficult but becomes, instead, a matter-of-fact action. Attendance at church, if regular, no longer becomes hard but becomes the accepted thing to do on Sunday. The nervous system of man is so remarkable that an action repeated numerous times forms a pattern that is difficult to break and thus adds to the ease of everyday living.

Bad habits, likewise, make strong patterns. If we are to break a bad habit, the struggle must begin on a day-by-day basis, supplanting the bad habit with the good. And this is the chief value of New Year's resolutions, since they make us take stock of our shortcomings and make an about-face in our actions. There is great merit in actually sitting down and considering our weaknesses squarely. In this way we learn the proper evaluation of ourselves.

Too often we are content to accept ourselves at the evaluation of those who love us, and who love us in spite of our faults, not because of them, whose prejudice in our favor may react to our detriment unless we can learn to accept their love and still retain the proper perspective on our own shortcomings.

And thus we have the New Year—when we may seriously consider the end of life, the reason and purpose for our being. To Latter-day Saints this has especial value, and since this is true, each day should be to us a new year, a time of emphasis of our good qualities, and a time for change of our bad characteristics.

And we should learn, likewise, to live one day at a time—fully, completely, to the best of our ability. When we need to repent of our actions of the past, let us do so, and having repented, let us close the door on those mistakes and face the today of our lives valiantly and unafraid. As we close the door on the yesterday, so we must not try to borrow from tomorrow. We must rest securely in the day that is within our grasp, that it is possible for us to mold, leaving yesterday and tomorrow in the hands of the all-wise Father of whose infinite mercy and wisdom we have had repeated evidence. Let us then take the new day that is ours and with God's help make it into a day of shining beauty, a realization of the aspirations and the resolutions that we have made. Then each day will be a New Year, and each New Year a milestone in our progress toward a happy eternity.

—M. C. J.



# Evidences and Reconciliations

## *cxix. Which Is Greater— Priesthood or the Church?*

ACCORDING to John Taylor, third President of the Church, priesthood "... is the power of God delegated to intelligences in the heavens and to man on earth."<sup>1</sup> This definition has been confirmed by the leaders of the Church. For example, Joseph F. Smith, sixth president of the Church, said that: "It is nothing more nor less than the power of God delegated to man by which man can act in the earth for the salvation of the human family."<sup>2</sup> Under this definition nothing can be greater than priesthood. Nothing can transcend the power of God. All things must be the product of that power.

Of course, man does not possess all of God's power. Enough has been bestowed upon him to perform every work connected with the plan of salvation for the human family. On earth, man needs no more.

However, whenever the Church of Christ exists on earth, all priesthood activity operates within the Church. Only when the Church does not exist on earth, can men hold the priesthood "at large." The moment the Church is organized, all holders of the priesthood can use their priesthood only under the authority and direction of the Church. That is, at no time when the Church is organized can there be on earth two classes of priesthood bearers: those who use their power within the Church; and those who use it outside of the Church.

In fact, the Church is a product of priesthood, and can be organized only by those who hold the priesthood. It is the instrument through which priesthood operates. In a true sense, on earth, priesthood and the Church are as one—neither can function without the other.

This was clearly set forth in the beginning of the restored Church of Christ. On May 15, 1829, before the Church was organized, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were ordained by the resurrected John the Baptist, to the authority of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood. Under that authority they were then baptized. A short time later, the resurrected apostles, Peter, James, and John, conferred the Melchizedek, or Higher Priesthood, upon the young men. They were now baptized and had been given all necessary priesthood power, all that the Lord has seen fit to confer upon anyone on earth.

But the Church of Christ had not yet been organized. Therefore, about this same time the Lord instructed Joseph and Oliver to organize the Church of Christ. This they were to do under the

authority of the priesthood conferred upon them. However, it was made clear that when the Church was organized both of these young men must be baptized into the Church, and ordained elders in the Church. The instructions were explicit.

"... the word of the Lord came unto us in the chamber, commanding us that I should ordain Oliver Cowdery to be an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ; and that he also should ordain me to the same office; and then to ordain others, as it should be made known to us from time to time. We were, however, commanded to defer this our ordination until such time as it should be practicable to have our brethren, who had been and who should be baptized, assembled together, when we must have their sanction to our thus proceeding to ordain each other."<sup>3</sup>

This was actually accomplished, for on April 6, 1830, the Church was organized. The six organizers, including Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, were baptized into the Church, confirmed members of the Church, received the gift of the Holy Ghost, and ordained to an office in the priesthood.

"I then laid my hands upon Oliver Cowdery, and ordained him an Elder of the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints'; after which he ordained me also to the office of an Elder of said Church.

"... We now proceeded to call out and ordain some others of the brethren to different offices of the Priesthood, according as the Spirit manifested unto us."<sup>4</sup>

The baptism and ordinations already received, empowered Joseph and Oliver, under God's command, to organize the Church. But, thenceforth their power and authority could be exercised only within the Church, and under its authority and direction. Thenceforth the priesthood would be conferred only by the Church. No one in mortality could exercise priesthood rights outside the Church.

Thus, without the priesthood there can be no Church; without the Church, there can be no priesthood in full operation on earth. Priesthood and the Church are as one, inseparable. Therefore, the question as to the relative importance of priesthood and the Church has no meaning for mortal man.

There are those, who having been excommunicated from the Church, believe that they yet retain the priesthood which they received under Church authority. That is folly. Whatever has been received under Church authority is taken from a man when he is cut off from the Church. Only the memory remains to vex his soul.

(Concluded on page 50)

<sup>1</sup>The Gospel Kingdom, edited by G. Homer Durham, p. 129.

<sup>2</sup>Gospel Doctrine, p. 173 (first to fourth editions); 239 (fifth edition ff.).

<sup>3</sup>Documentary History of the Church, vol. 1, pp. 60-61

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., vol. 1, pp. 77-79; see also D. & C. 21

# Housecleaning Made Easy

By KATHERINE DISSINGER

It's unnecessary to upset the whole household for housecleaning when planning and organization of the work can easily take the place of hubbub and frayed dispositions.

Starting several days ahead to assemble all supplies needed to do a thorough and efficient job, to make minor repairs, and to do incidental jobs such as cleaning drawers and cupboards and washing windows on the outside is recommended.

When you get to the room itself, take down curtains and shades, remove vases, knickknacks, lamps, and lightweight furniture. Dust papered walls with a soft brush or broom covered with a cotton flannel bag. Dust hangings downward, so when you brush walls, brush up. This prevents smearing and streaking.

Wash the woodwork and washable walls with a soft cloth wrung out of lukewarm suds. Rinse with a cloth wrung out of clear water and dry immediately. To varnish woodwork apply paste wax with a clean cloth. Rub in thoroughly and polish well with a soft, lintless cloth to give it that fine glow of well-kept woodwork.



Have the water tepid and use mild soap for slightly soiled surfaces, but for dirty and greasy walls, add a few tablespoons of a powdered paint cleaner to the water. There are a number of these cleaners to be found at the grocery store or at a hardware or paint department. Used in the proportions suggested on the label, they will not harm the paint, and the accumulated grease and dirt can be wiped away in a jiffy. If, after washing, enameled walls look faded and dull, apply a thin coat of laundry starch to give them new gloss and sheen and to make the next washing job easier, since the dirt will wash off with the starch. Waxing painted window sills and surfaces receiving hard wear will make the paint last twice as long.



Rugs should be vacuumed or beaten and brushed thoroughly to remove dust. There are on the market several excellent rug-cleaning powders, which simplify the business of cleaning soiled rugs. These are brushed into the rug, allowed to stand for several hours, or better, overnight; then vacuumed out. On very soiled rugs this powder treatment may be followed by a shampoo. Make a thick suds of mild soap and brush on suds lightly with a moderately stiff fiber brush, being careful not to wet backing. Work on a small area at a time. Wipe off suds immediately with a clean cloth wrung out of lukewarm water. Work with nap. To be sure your rug is color fast, try out a small inconspicuous area first.

Roll back the rug and scrub floor with as little water as possible and wipe up immediately (never allow water to soak a hardwood or painted floor or linoleum), then apply liquid or paste wax and polish.

A good window cleaning preparation wiped away with a chamois skin or a soft, lintless polishing cloth makes windows gleam. (If you wish to make your own, use one-half cup vinegar for one gallon of warm water.) Never use soap when washing windows; the streaks it makes are hard to remove. If the windows are very dirty, wipe them first with a crumpled paper towel or napkin.

When the room is clean and shining, the furniture takes its turn. Wood and metal surfaces may be washed with mild soap and lukewarm water. Follow with a clear water rinse applied in the same way and dry immediately and carefully. If scratches show up, they can be made almost invisible by rubbing with a scratch-concealing furniture polish, available at a paint or hardware department, or with the cut surface of a black walnut. The polish or nut surface should be applied to the scratch and surrounding area and rubbed in well.

To keep the furniture in good condition, apply paste wax to the entire surface and polish well with a soft, lintless cloth.

The first step in cleaning upholstered furniture is a really meticulous dusting. Remove all cushions and use a whisk broom and an old toothbrush to clean along cords in cracks and seams. Use the brush gently, especially if the upholstery is of the nubby type or you may break threads. Next, go over the entire surface with the vacuum cleaner spiral attachments if you have one.

If the upholstery is not soiled or spotted, this thorough brushing will probably be all that is needed. However, if it is soiled and without definite

spots, the simplest way to clean it is to use equal parts of cleaning fluid and hot water. This should be placed in a screw-top jar and shaken to mix. Wring a square of turkish toweling from the mixture and go over the entire surface of the upholstery. Work on an area about a foot square and stroke the fabric gently but firmly, working with the weave of the material.

If upholstery is definitely spotted and badly soiled, it will have to be spotted and shampooed.

Work on the spots with the cleaning fluid hot water mixture applied sparingly with a toothbrush to avoid soaking the stuffing, working from the center. This is effective in removing most stains caused by blood, fruit and food stains, grease and mud. Use carbon tetrachloride for removing gum, wax, and lipstick; French chalk for ink and medicine stains. Some fabrics and some colors may be sensitive to these spot-removing agents, so always test in an inconspicuous spot on the back of the piece before using. Repeat application if necessary.

When the spots have been removed, the piece is ready to be shampooed. Prepare a soap jelly by dissolving one-half cup soap flakes or shaved mild bar soap in one and one-half cups hot water. Bring to a boil and cool. Add one tablespoon household ammonia. This makes enough to clean two or three pieces of furniture.

Place four tablespoons of the soap-jelly mixture in a pan, and add one pint of hot water. Use a rotary egg beater to whip the mixture into thick, rich suds. The trick in giving upholstery a successful shampoo lies in applying the suds to the fabric by using a minimum of water. To do this you can use a small brush with medium stiff bristles. Dip the brush into the warm suds, shake out excess water, and using a firm pressure stroke the upholstery, working with the weave of the material, and work the suds gently down into the surface of the fabric. (When the suds become gray, make up a fresh batch.) Finish by wiping the surface with a Turkish towel wrung very dry from clear, warm water. When thoroughly dry, brush up nap.

An ordinary two-inch paint brush is just the ticket for whisking dust from book tops and bric-a-brac that are not washable.

The window cleaning preparation may be used on pictures and mirrors, but be careful not to get the moisture inside the frames.

Soap and water are usually all that is needed to clean the china and staine-

(Concluded on page 36)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





Josephine B. Nichols

**M**ONEY-**S**AVING and wheat-sharing menus and recipes:

**BREAKFAST**

Stewed Prunes  
Fried Cornmeal Mush  
with Syrup and Butter or Margarine  
Milk

**LUNCHEON OR SUPPER**

Baked Lima Beans and Tomatoes  
Boston Brown Bread  
Apple Sauce  
Milk

**DINNER**

Creamed Chicken in Rice Ring  
Buttered Broccoli  
Apple and Celery Salad  
Lemon Sponge Cup  
Milk

*Fried Cornmeal Mush*

1 cup yellow cornmeal  
1 cup cold water  
3 cups boiling water  
1 teaspoon salt

Mix cornmeal with cold water, stir into boiling salted water, cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Cover, place in double boiler and continue cooking for thirty minutes. Pour into greased No. 1 tall cans or round molds. Cool. Unmold, slice  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick roll in cereal crumbs and fry in melted fat. Serve with syrup or marmalade.

*Baked Lima Beans and Tomatoes*

3 cups cooked Lima beans  
2 tablespoons minced onion  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups canned tomatoes  
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper  
1 tablespoon butter or margarine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

Mix all ingredients together. Pour into greased casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) sixty minutes.

*Boston Brown Bread*

1 cup sifted flour  
1 cup cornmeal  
1 cup whole wheat flour  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup molasses  
2 cups sour milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup nuts (if desired)

Mix dry ingredients together. Add liquid  
(Concluded on page 36)



## "I HATE Fels-Naptha Soap"

"It's the worst soap in the world.

No matter where I hide, sooner or later

Fels-Naptha finds me—generally sooner . . .

I've tried every place you could think of—

towels, handkerchiefs, pillow cases,

even shirt collars and cuffs—it's no use.

When they change to Fels-Naptha, I'm finished . . .

Oh, oh!—here comes that awful soap again.

It's after me. I can't stand it.

I'm going . . . going . . . gone . . ."



Golden bar or Golden chips... **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

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## COOK'S CORNER

(Concluded from page 35)  
ingredients and stir twenty-five times. Fill three greased one-pound baking cans  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. Steam three hours or cook in pressure sauce pan forty minutes at fifteen pounds pressure. Remove from can and dry in slow oven, 250° ten minutes.

### Creamed Chicken In Rice Ring

#### Creamed Chicken

- 2 cups cooked chicken
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sliced pimiento
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped green pepper
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 1 teaspoon salt

Heat soup in double boiler. Add remaining ingredients, cook ten minutes. Serve in rice ring and garnish.

#### Rice Ring

- 2 cups uncooked brown rice
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup melted butter or margarine
- salt, pepper

Cook rice in four quarts boiling salted water. Drain and rinse with hot water. Add melted butter, salt, and pepper. Pack firmly in greased ring mold. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for thirty minutes. Unmold on hot platter; fill with creamed chicken.

### Lemon Sponge Cups

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons enriched flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 3 eggs, separated
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk

Cream butter, add sugar, flour, salt, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Add the well-beaten egg yolks which have been mixed with the milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased custard cups. Set cups in a pan of hot water and bake at 350° F. for forty-five minutes. Cool and unmold. Serve.

## HOUSECLEANING MADE EASY

(Concluded from page 34)

resistant porcelain enamel surfaces. It is unwise to use harsh abrasives. They make tiny scratches which collect dirt and make the surface harder to clean. To remove stains from discolored sinks, drainboards, toilet bowls and lavatories, cover them with several thicknesses of paper towels or rags and saturate with household bleach. Let stand for five minutes. Remove the towels or cloths and the surface will be white again.

Most modern shades are washable. Venetian blinds can be washed and the straps scrubbed with a brush dipped in lukewarm suds. This is most easily done by laying the blinds out flat on a table or other large surface. Many roller shades can be washed successfully. Simply lay the shade out flat. Dust both front and back with a brush or dry cloth, then sponge off the surface with light suds. Follow with a quick rinse and dry as fast as possible.

Drapes that are not washable must, of course, be dry-cleaned, but many of the drapery fabrics wash well. Lukewarm suds made with mild soap protects colors. Sturdy fabrics can be washed in the machine, but fragile ones, particularly those that have been in service for several years, are better

done by hand. Soak them for ten minutes or so and wash by pushing up and down with the hands. If badly soiled, repeat with fresh suds. Rinse in clear lukewarm water.

If curtains are faded or sun bleached in spots, they may be tinted with one of the all-purpose tints or dyes which act equally well on all fabrics. Whether to starch or not depends largely on the material. Celanese rayon, for instance, does not need to be stiffened. Its beauty depends on its hanging in soft folds. Dotted swiss, on the other hand, certainly should be crisp. Starch, though not needed for stiffness, often is added in very small amounts to the last rinse water, as it seems to make the curtains stay clean longer.

If the curtains are to be stretched, take the measurements before washing and adjust the stretchers to these measurements. Hook the wet curtains evenly onto the tacks, putting three or four curtains on the stretcher at once. Lacking stretchers, hang them carefully on the line, folding panels in the middle and pulling hems and sides straight and true. When dry, remove without unfolding, dampen and roll as folded, then iron on both sides. Open and iron out middle crease.



# Happy New Year





## The Editor's Page

(Concluded from page 11)

finding it, the best recipe that I could give to obtain happiness would be: Keep the commandments of the Lord.

As members of this Church we may not excuse ourselves as the people of the world may who have not been properly taught and do not understand.

Therefore, watchmen upon the towers of Zion, see to it that you do not shirk your responsibility. See to it that you do not turn aside from the opportunities that our Heavenly Father has placed in your way to be helpful.

Let us go forward, loving our fellow men, always desiring their uplift and blessing, carrying the gospel message in such a way that the adversary shall have no power to stay it.

Get the Spirit of God and keep it. And the only way we will keep it is by living near him, by keeping his commandments. The only way to peace for this world is the pathway of the gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord. There is no other.

### COUNTERPOINT

By Dorothy Marie Davis

**M**USIC is not the most a symphony can be.

I had forgotten, satisfied to hear, Smug by the soothing fire at home, a symphony

Is luxury for eye as well as ear.

An orchestra is pattern; it is subtle dance; It is a drama of tympanists, too; And violins that thrust and sway; the trombones prance, The leaping up of brasses at their cue.

It is the bend and turn of pages all in time, The shadows of bass violi on the wall, Fingers that scamper down the harp, the pantomime Of the conductor, dark against them all.

Here are the dreams of forest trees fulfilled at last—

To grow articulate, to march, to skip! And sudden metal, once earth's bony fist held fast, Mutable now, a song upon its lip!

I had forgotten that a symphony can be A harmony of sound and pageantry.

JANUARY 1948



### \$5.00 for Good Ideas!

Start the new year right! Send us that famous recipe of yours... the one that looks so good and tastes so good because of the pure, rich, home-style Tea Garden delicacy that goes into it! If it's printed here, you get \$5.00. Please send your dealer's name, too. Tea Garden Products Company, San Francisco 11.

★ ★ ★

First published 54 years ago, this fine old recipe was sent in by Mrs. Amanda Miner, Auburn, Washington. We made it with rich, full-flavored Tea Garden Peach Preserves! Liked it lots!

#### Tea Garden Bread Fritters

12 thin slices white bread  
1 cup Tea Garden Peach Preserves  
½ cup flour  
1 cup rich milk  
2 eggs

Cut crusts off bread, if desired. Make sandwiches with preserves for filling. Combine flour, milk, eggs. Beat until smooth. Dip sandwiches in mixture. Fry in melted butter or good shortening until golden brown. Serve piping hot; 2 to a serving.

Try Tea Garden real old-fashioned Red Raspberry Preserves blended with melted butter and spread lavishly on waffles! Notice how these big, sun-sweetened raspberries keep their bright natural color and fresh just-picked flavor. "Mighty good eating!" say the menfolk.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. E. M. White, Burbank, knows her baked beans when she says "these are the most delicious you ever tasted. Tea Garden Syrup brings out the flavor!"

#### Tea Garden Baked Beans

1½ cups small dry Navy beans  
1 medium onion, minced  
1 teaspoon dry mustard  
4 tablespoons Tea Garden Fancy Western Syrup  
3 tablespoons brown sugar  
½ teaspoon black pepper  
½ lb. salt pork, bacon, or ham diced

Soak beans overnight. Cover with boiling water; simmer until skins are broken. Combine onion, mustard, syrup, sugar and pepper; add to beans. Dice salt pork; add to beans. Place all in beanpot or casserole with tight lid. Bake in slow oven (325° F) 4 or 5 hours. Stir occasionally; add water if needed. When nearly done, add salt if desired. Serves 3 or 4. Double the recipe if your family likes beans!

If you like genuine old-fashioned quince jelly, get Tea Garden! You'll find it has all the sparkle, all the tart-sweet goodness of grandmother's famous recipe. An omelet, covered with Tea Garden Quince Jelly and dusted with powdered sugar, makes a wonderful winter dessert!

Marvin Pipes, Lakeside, Oregon, is a "bachelor guy" but his Menu Idea passed our kitchen test with flying colors! Any pure, luscious Tea Garden Jelly or Preserves will do this trick!

#### Tea Garden Topping

12 marshmallows, fresh or stale  
½ cup hot water  
¾ cup Tea Garden Black Raspberry Jelly  
Place marshmallows and water in top of double boiler. Heat until marshmallows melt; stir often. Add Tea Garden Jelly and whip until thoroughly blended. Serve on prepared puddings, ice cream, French Toast, or cake slices.

Mother! Spread a little Tea Garden Bing Cherry Preserves on crackers; heat under broiler until bubbly. Serve with milk for after-school lunch. These are the plump, sweet, red cherries everybody loves... and there just aren't any better preserves made outside your own kitchen!

★ ★ ★

Everyone raves about this sauce with baked ham or cold cuts. And Viola Slavin, Pasadena, can well be proud of her new-found use of colorful Tea Garden Red Currant Jelly!

#### Tea Garden Spicy Sauce

½ cup Tea Garden Red Currant Jelly  
½ cup prepared yellow mustard

Combine and whip with egg beater until thoroughly blended. As simple as that! And delicious!

One thing you'll like specially well about Tea Garden Blackberry Preserves... they're seedless! And wonderful tasting, too! Rich and homemade-like! Every jar is a ready-to-spread cake filling, a sundae sauce, a smart dessert topping. It pays to keep several jars handy!

★ ★ ★

### TEA GARDEN PRODUCTS CO.



PRESERVES • JELLIES • TABLE SYRUPS • GRAPE JUICE • MARASCHINO CHERRIES

## In Retrospect and Looking Forward

**D**URING the past year many priesthood leaders and quorums have attained outstanding achievements and made lasting contributions. We look back upon 1947 with a feeling of deep appreciation for the loyalty and devotion of our brethren. Through your unstinted efforts the work of the Lord at the close of the year is in a healthy and growing condition.

Sometimes, in the rush of things, we assume that those of you who carry the responsibility of presiding in the stakes and quorums know how we feel toward you, and thoughtlessly we are apt to devote these pages to problems, reports, and instructions rather than to expressing the appreciation we feel. We want you to know that your devotion and encouragement is appreciated, and it is apparent that the Lord is blessing your efforts.

For years the need for a comprehensive Melchizedek Priesthood *Handbook* has been felt. It is with sincere pleasure that we announce the publication of such a handbook. This will be made available without cost to all officers working with the Melchizedek Priesthood. It has been published in loose-leaf style to permit the insertion of pertinent instructions and information from time to time. If conscientiously studied and properly utilized, it should be a valuable aid in making the new year one of greater purpose and achievement.

As we extend to all of you our heartiest greetings and best wishes, we pray that our Heavenly Father's choicest blessings may attend you through the coming year and that your continued activities in righteously will bring you their reward of ever-increasing happiness as you strive to serve him and your fellow men. May we suggest that during the coming year you do your work with your whole heart and you will succeed—there is so little competition. May the Lord bless and keep you!

THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD  
COMMITTEE OF THE  
COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

# Melchizedek

Stake Presidents and Counselors,  
Mission Presidents and Counselors

Re: Ordering 1948 Melchizedek Priesthood  
Texts and Lesson Outlines.

Dear Brethren:

**A**s previously announced, *Church History and Modern Revelation*, second series, will be used as the study course during 1948 for all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums throughout the Church.

The text will be the last half of volume I of the *Documentary History of the Church*, written by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The supplemental outline of the course has been prepared by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve.

Both the text and lesson outline are now available. Distribution will be made through the Deseret Book Company and its agencies at cost. The prices, postpaid, will be \$1.50 for the text and 35 cents for the outline.

Cash with the order will expedite delivery, and all requests should be forwarded directly to the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. All checks or money orders accompanying requests for the course should be made payable to the book company.

It is desired that the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees and mission presidents present this matter without delay to the priesthood quorums under their jurisdiction. To expedite the handling of orders it is suggested that orders be placed for stakes and missions through the stake committee or mission president. Subsequent orders may be mailed by quorums and individuals as required.

Since the study course for 1948 is a continuation of the 1947 outline, brethren are encouraged to avail themselves of both the 1947 and 1948 supplements as well as volume I of the *Documentary History of the Church*. These supplements could be bound into one volume and serve as an excellent reference work in connection with volume I of the Church history. A limited number of 1947 lesson supplements are still available at the cost of 25 cents a copy.

Brethren will do well to place their orders promptly.

Faithfully your brethren,

GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE  
By: Ezra Taft Benson

## Quorum Presidencies Responsible for Reports

**N**OT infrequently the question is raised as to whether or not the quorum presidency has any particular responsibility in connection with quorum reports. It is evident that in a number of cases brethren have felt that once a secretary is appointed, all responsibility for rolls and records has been shifted to the secretary and that the only responsibility of the quorum president is that of signing reports when they are completed.

But the question arises, "Is this enough? Does the quorum presidency discharge fully its responsibility in connection with rolls and records when such action is taken?"

The answer should be obvious. So far as the quarterly quorum reports are concerned, the quorum presidency has a much greater responsibility. The secretary is only an assistant in accom-

plishing this task. The work of the secretary is to be directly supervised by the counselor in the presidency (in the case of the seventy by the president) in charge of the fact-finding and statistical committee. The quorum president, in turn, continues to bear the prime responsibility for insuring the welfare of the quorum.

It is recommended that a week or two before the end of a report period the member of the presidency in charge of the fact-finding and statistical committee arrange either to invite the secretary to his home or to call at the home of the secretary the last Sunday of the report quarter. By spending ten or fifteen minutes together the quarterly quorum report can be properly and quickly completed. It is then ready for the signature of the quorum president. In the case of high priests, the presidency should contact all group leaders in advance and request them to meet similarly with their group secretaries. Together they can complete the group



# Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RICHARD L. EVANS, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, S. DILWORTH YOUNG, MILTON R. HUNTER, BRUCE R. MC CONKIE

## How to Administer Ward Cash Welfare Assessments of Quorums and Groups

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS and their members should assist in the production of materials for the use of the bishops in carrying out their bishops' storehouse program. In meeting this responsibility the bishop has the right to call on any member of the ward, whether he is a high priest, a seventy, an elder, a priest, a teacher, or a deacon; none is exempt. He may ask them to help him produce. They are not beyond the bishop's jurisdiction at all when it comes to the care of the poor. Priesthood quorums, so far as the welfare work is concerned, are to help the bishop in this matter of production. They should respond to that call for help just as they should respond to a call to do ward teaching or to go and administer to the sick. They are to help the bishop carry his load.

All budget assignments are made for commodities by the general Church welfare committee. The commodities required for the annual budget are apportioned to the several regions throughout the Church according to their productive capacity. No cash welfare assessments are made by the general Church welfare committee. Each region apportions its budget to the several stakes under its supervision. Stakes in turn allocate the stake budget to the several wards comprising a stake.

It is evident that occasionally an assessment is made on a ward level and circumstances may render it impracticable, if not impossible, to meet the assignment in the commodities required. In such cases bishops may find it necessary to make cash welfare assessments in order to provide a means of securing the commodities listed for the general budget. Where cash assessments are made, all ward members are

expected to contribute. For the sake of convenience such assessments may be apportioned in part to groups and quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood within the ward. Such assessments are made to quorum members, not as a quorum or group, but as individual ward members. Where groups participate and collect funds, such funds are not to be regarded as either quorum or group funds; they are merely cash welfare assessments to be turned over to the bishopric and receipted for by it.

Wise bishops will not attempt to assign their ward cash welfare assignment only to those holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, but will work out an equitable basis whereby all ward members, whether they hold the priesthood or not, may share equally in the responsibility and in the opportunity to participate.

The foregoing recommendations conflict in no way with current instructions that all funds collected by groups for quorum functions or activities are to be administered by the quorum. Ward cash welfare assessments can neither be considered as quorum nor as group funds; rather they are assessments made by the bishopric in which all ward members are required to participate.

In addition to assisting in the bishops' storehouse program, priesthood quorums may establish projects for the purpose of raising funds with which to carry on their rehabilitation work and to carry on quorum administrative and ecclesiastical work such as maintaining missionaries in the field. Such projects will help to build up priesthood quorums. But these are aside from the bishops' storehouse program through which the bishop performs his welfare function for which the welfare program was inaugurated.

In all cases priesthood quorum welfare activities are to be correlated with the bishops' storehouse program. The point of contact is the weekly ward welfare committee meeting.

reports and send them on to the quorum president the same day. Then the group reports can be compiled without delay, and the job will have been completed efficiently and well. Pulling together makes a world of difference.

May we urge those responsible to continue to work unitedly together and

complete this year's work well. Please remember that both the annual confidential and final quarter reports are due to be in the hands of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee by January 7, and summaries are to be sent to the general priesthood committee by January 15.

## NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by  
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

## Alcohol and You

LAST winter a series of thirteen talks was given over the Columbia Broadcasting System network entitled "You and Alcohol" in which a general survey was made by competent speakers on the various phases of the alcohol problem. All speakers agreed that the use of alcoholic beverages has created a many-sided problem of first importance. It is estimated by informed observers that about sixty million people in the United States indulge in drinking one or more of these beverages. This in spite of the fact that all doctors and many others know, as declared by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, that,

Alcohol is a poison inherently, absolutely, essentially; in a drop or in a gallon, in all quantities and in every quantity, it is a poison.

This truth of the nature of alcohol could hardly be expressed in stronger language. And of course a poison is not "good for man." Yet sixty million Americans drink! Is this fact not astounding in the light of the truth, as stated by the First Presidency of the Church in general conference in 1942:

Drink brings cruelty into the home; it walks arm in arm with poverty; its companions are disease and plague; it puts chastity to flight; it knows neither honest nor fair dealing; it is a total stranger to truth; it drowns conscience; it is the body-guard of evil; it curses all who touch it.

Drink has brought more woe and misery, broken more hearts, wrecked more homes, committed more crimes, filled more coffins than all the wars the world has suffered. (*THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, p. 686, November 1942.)

This characterization of the evils resulting from drinking is plain, direct, and powerful. How normal, intelligent people in such large numbers can toy with anything characterized by all these evils, crimes, and terrors is shocking. Yet all who indulge in drinking are, of course, not guilty of these gross wrongs. Yet the dangers inherently associated with liquor consumption are still there. One of the most dreadful of these is alcoholism, described by one who knows as "the most painful disease known to man." As to how great this danger is may be indicated by an article written by a well-known doctor in *The Reader's Digest* several years ago. The writer said that about

(Concluded on page 50)



# The Presiding

## YOUTH WARD LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

FEBRUARY 1948

THE lesson for February will be a review of the study material presented in this column for March and April of 1946. The helps and information presented during the past two years have been so valuable that we desire they be reviewed and re-emphasized. Each month, in this column, we will suggest the lessons to be reviewed, and they may vary in number from one to three.

Realizing that not everyone will have kept a complete file of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and the Church Section of *The Deseret News* for the past two years for reference, we will mimeograph the lessons suggested for review each month and mail this material direct to every bishop one month in advance. The bishop should immediately turn the material over to the leader who presents the lessons so as to provide him with the opportunity to make adequate preparation.

### L.D.S. Girls

## Instructions for Leaders

KEEP a file of all instructions to stake and ward leaders of Latter-day Saint girls, as given by the Presiding Bishopric in THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and *The Deseret News* Church Section.

All advisers are to ask personally each girl in the group, each month, for her attendance record at sacrament, Sunday School, and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association meetings.

Individual and group records from the advisers are to be submitted by



*Latter-day Saint Girls, Rexburg Second Ward, Rexburg (Idaho) Stake, and their prize-winning float in the Rexburg centennial parade. This recognition and our congratulations may be a bit late, but they are none the less sincere and are packed with good wishes.*

the fifth of every month to the ward secretary. This information is not to be obtained from the ward clerk or the secretaries of the auxiliary organizations.

The ward secretary is to transfer accurately each girl's record every month from the advisers' reports to the master file of individual record cards.

Advisers are to encourage and invite girls to attend sacrament, Sunday School, and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association meetings. They should set the example by being present to welcome girls at these meetings.

Determine, as soon as possible, the number of public addresses by Latter-day Saint girls to be given each month so that every girl will have an opportunity to qualify in this requirement looking to the Individual Certificate of Award.

Latter-day Saint Girl advisers, Sunday School and Y.W.M.I.A. teachers of the three age groups of girls will find it profitable to coordinate their plans toward reaching girls who need their friendship, understanding, and love.

## Ward Teaching

## Questions and Answers

**Question:** Who should serve as chairman of the ward committee on ward teaching?

**Answer:** The bishop, as presiding authority and the one responsible for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his members, is the chairman of the ward committee. He should not delegate this authority to others.

**Question:** When ward teachers are assigned as companions, should one of them be appointed as senior companion?

**Answer:** Yes. Where this procedure is followed there is little opportunity for misunderstanding between companions.

**Question:** Should ward teachers visit regularly at homes where the wife is a member and the husband a non-member?

**Answer:** Visits to such homes should be made only when agreeable to the husband.

**Question:** How many times should ward teachers call at a home before credit can be taken for a visit?

**Answer:** Credit for a visit should not be taken until contact has been made with one or more members of the family in the home capable of receiving the message.

**Question:** Who should appoint the members of the priesthood to do ward teaching?

**Answer:** The bishopric should select and appoint all ward teachers.



*Eighty-six Latter-day Saint Girls, Liberty Stake, Salt Lake City, "engaged in a Church welfare project" by picking eighteen bushels of grapes grown on the Church-owned Lund Home at Centerville, Utah.*



# Bishoprie's Pages

## Progress of Aaronic Priesthood Choruses

Edited by Lee A. Palmer

A REVIEW of the progress made during the past year in organizing Aaronic Priesthood choruses throughout the Church discloses that one hundred and thirty-five stakes are fully organized to promote the singing program. Reports from these stakes indicate that forty-seven percent of their wards are fully organized, that they are rehearsing regularly, and that the song book, entitled *Aaronic Priesthood Choruses*, is being used to good advantage. It is further indicated in the reports that the remaining wards in these stakes are making preparations to have Aaronic Priesthood members participate in choral singing as soon as music directors and organists can be appointed.

While this record gives us some reason for satisfaction, there yet remains a great amount of work to be done if we are to obtain our objective "an active Aaronic Priesthood chorus in each ward of the Church."

With more than thirty stakes and over fifty percent of the wards of the Church still unorganized to promote this program, the realization of our objective seems far removed. It is hoped that those responsible to set these stake and ward organizations in motion will proceed without delay and join those whose boys are reaping the blessings which follow participation in this wholesome activity.

### CALGARY WARD, LETHBRIDGE STAKE (CANADA)

Climbing high amid the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies, these Aaronic Priesthood lads were feted by their leaders, Bishop Charles Uresch, his counselor D. W. Billing, and the general secretary M. Harnberger. We expect to hear that these boys qualified for the Standard Quorum Award for 1947 with an Individual Certificate of Award for each one of them.



### Aaronic Priesthood Leaders

## See Yourselves As Others See You

The following experience was related by Sterling W. Sill, former bishop of the Garden Park Ward, Bonneville Stake, and currently the executive chairman of the Bonneville Stake Aaronic Priesthood committee. Aaronic Priesthood workers: Could this happen in your ward or in your stake?

By Sterling W. Sill

WE sometimes learn most readily by contrast—the bitter and the sweet, the good and the bad, the effective and the dull. Recently the writer was in a distant city and learned that there was a Latter-day Saint Church there. The deacon's quorum had their priesthood meeting at 9:00 a.m. on Sunday morn-

ing and the rest of the priesthood at another hour. I arrived at the church about ten minutes before nine and found one deacon waiting for someone to open the church door so he could get inside. By 9:30, eight deacons had arrived and at 9:32 the adviser arrived. He unlocked the door and let the boys in. I asked if I might attend also. He sat down in his chair and his first announcement was to explain to these boys that he had been out late the night before and had not read the lesson, but he would read it to them and they would discuss it afterwards. No quorum presidency was recognized. So far as I could tell, there may not have been a quorum presidency. He stumbled through the lesson with no apparent interest or enthusiasm and even the reading was poorly done.

I felt very badly about it. Maybe part of my shock was that I had expected too much. But I felt sick as I left the church. It seemed to me like "malfeasance in office" or "sleeping at the post" or "dereliction of duty." These young men had their whole lives ahead of them, partly in his hands. They needed desperately to have him help them to develop faith and spirituality and leadership. But he did not deliver.

1. He was not prepared.
2. He seemed not to be interested.

(Concluded on page 46)



### WARD CONFERENCES (HILLSIDE STAKE) EMPHASIZE PROGRAM FOR ADULT MEMBERS OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

The Hillside Stake of Salt Lake City has added something new in ward conferences. In each instance, a special department is held for all ward leaders of the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood. The department is conducted by the chairman (now the executive chairman) of the stake committee under the personal direction of the stake presidency.

In the above photo, Elmer J. Christofferson is shown instructing those in attendance. President J. Stuart McMaster presided as the representative of the stake presidency.

This is a commendable procedure, and we are grateful to the leadership in Hillside Stake for their consideration of this important work.



# ON THE Bookrack

## METAL RECORD PLATES IN ANCIENT TIMES

(Ariel L. Crowley, LL.B. Published privately, but on sale in bookstores. 1947. 33 pages. No price available yet.)

THE Book of Mormon, translated from engraved plates of gold, states that records of Israelitish history, doctrine, and prophecy, were carried from Palestine to the new world. In this pamphlet are gathered from tradition, archeology, non-Israelitish and Israelitish history, a host of evidences of the practice of engraving records on metal plates of brass, bronze, silver, and gold. The information is so extensive and well documented that the pamphlet is a definitive answer to the question whether metal record plates were used in ancient times. "The Book of Mormon record is sustained," by this excellent study.—J. A. W.

## CUMORAH—WHERE?

(Thomas Stuart Ferguson. Kolob Book Company, 1612 Spruce St., Berkeley 9, California. 64 pages. \$1.50.)

EVERY reader of the Book of Mormon would like to know just where the events described actually occurred. This has led many to a study of Book of Mormon geography. Many books and periodical articles present the views of the authors. The chief difference of opinion has been as to where the later tremendous events of the book took place. Some hold to the traditional view that they happened in or near New York State. Others feel that the evidence places them in middle America. Here the evidence for the two views, both strong and weak, is presented in a scholarly and temperate manner. The discussion will be of interest to all readers and lovers of the Book of Mormon.—J. A. W.

## THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL

(Ernest L. Whitehead. Zion's Press, Independence, Missouri. 1947. 589 pages and chart. \$3.00.)

LATTER-DAY SAINTS claim to be of Israel by blood and adoption. The destiny of Israel is the destiny of the Church. Therefore any serious study of ancient Israel through the ages is of interest to present-day Israel. A vast amount of labor has gone into the writing of this book which attempts to fol-

low Israel over the world, from Jacob to the present day. After the connected Bible story has been told, with many interesting comments, a search is made for the history of the Israelites, who in small or large groups settled in other places then the promised homeland, Palestine. Much of the necessary information—persons, dates, places, and other usually accepted as convincing data—lies in historical twilight. Often resort was had to legendary remnants of history. Despite all this, the conclusion is fully acceptable: that the blood of Israel is scattered over the earth on every continent, in the lands of Europe, the American continents, and the islands of the sea. That has long been believed by Latter-day Saints and has given courage to the proselyting efforts of the Church. The book, written in an easy, familiar style on a most interesting subject, will be a welcome addition to the story of Israel. It will be good faith-promoting reading. Three missing things would please the reader: A further study of Israel in Asia, especially in the far east, and in Africa; footnotes showing sources of statements made; and, what is necessary in so voluminous a book dealing with numerous persons, places, and opinions, a good index.—J. A. W.

## TOWARD CERTAINTY

(R. H. Gearhart, Jr. Association Press, New York. 1947. 92 pages. \$1.50.)

THIS is a good attempt to answer the questions, some of doubt and unbelief, that too often beset young people. It affirms Christian tenets and avoids fairly well sectarian claims. —J. A. W.

## WHAT OF THE MORMONS?

(Gordon B. Hinckley. Published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City. 222 pages. \$1.50.)

THIS book is brought into being primarily for interested inquirers who have little acquaintance with the Church. It promises to replace some of the previously published brief histories used extensively in the missions. It deals with the Church historically, and doctrinally, and in its contemporary setting. Of the Mormons it asks and answers: Who are they? What do they believe? What is their program? What is their organization? The

book is beautifully illustrated with fresh pictures of subjects that are pertinent to the Church. It is printed in easily readable type on paper that makes every page inviting, and with contents that are a fitting match to the book's fine physical appearance. *What of the Mormons?* is the product of the able pen of Gordon B. Hinckley, executive secretary of the Church Radio, Publicity, and Mission Literature Committee, and is published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It will find much usefulness for distribution among non-members who want background material in brief on the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.—R. L. E.

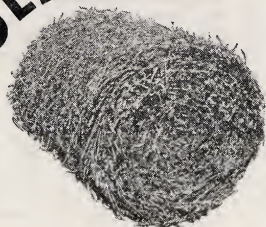
## OUR BOOK OF MORMON

(Dr. Sidney B. Sperry. Stevens & Wallis, Salt Lake City, Utah. 287 pages. \$2.50.)

PROFESSOR SPERRY has written a forthright, methodical study of the Book of Mormon that hews to the line and never flinches. With refreshing directness the author raises and answers searching but simple questions one after another that surprise the reader by their obviousness and almost alarm him with the sense of his own ignorance. The strange story of the wandering Moroni, the fate of the Urim and Thummim, the nature of the Nephite Church, God's dealings with the world at large, to which he vouchsafes revelation of a sort—point after point of long-neglected lore is put on display, much of it for the first time, by the researches of Dr. Sperry. No one is better qualified to handle such material than he. The last man in the world to "go overboard" for any one theory, Professor Sperry never temporizes and never quibbles; the tricks and pitfalls of rhetoric he avoids like the plague. The result is a plain, almost blunt take-it-or-leave-it classroom discourse which for all its simple honesty exercises a strange fascination on the reader. Perhaps the principal reason for this is the way the book is interlined with quotations from the Book of Mormon itself: no mere hints and phrases but whole pages to remind the reader again and again of the weight and power of that great and compelling book—a mighty revelation which we neglect at our peril. Dr. Sperry's persistent campaign in its behalf deserves nothing but praise. The value of *Our Book of Mormon* is enhanced by the welcome addition of a scripture index, a substantial aid to the student that is all too rarely met within our Church writings.—Dr. Hugh Nibley, Assistant Professor of History and Religion, Brigham Young University.



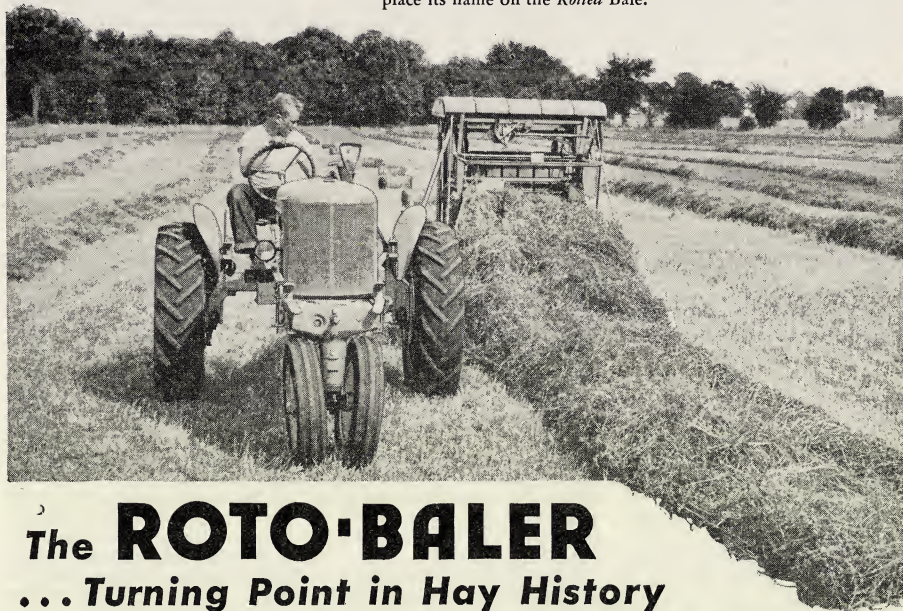
# ROLLED HAY.... The Bale of the Future



A weather-resistant *rolled* bale with leaves locked inside! That is rolled hay... a bale that for the first time sheds rain like a thatched roof. Once your hay is in the rolled bale, you breathe easy. It's safe from sudden showers. The bale unrolls in a wide, soft, leafy mat, appetizing to livestock; can also be fed whole in the feedrack without waste.

The rolled bale represents a turning-point in haymaking for every family farm. Now you can package your *own* hay—with a home-owned one-man field baler, priced to fit the individual farm.

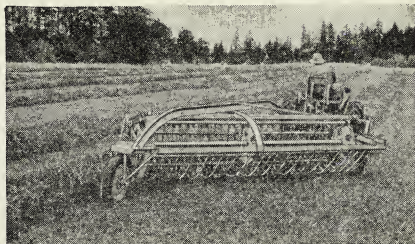
If hay could be trademarked, Allis-Chalmers would proudly place its name on the *Rolled Bale*.



## The **ROTO-BALER** ... Turning Point in Hay History

When blossoms say "ready" and the weather is right, that's when a home-owned Roto-Baler pays off. Hay or straw is automatically wrapped with ordinary binder twine costing less than wire or heavy bale twine.

The Roto-Baler packages hay more compactly... in sturdy rolled bales that will not buckle... bales that store in less space and are convenient to handle and feed. Thousands of farmers from coast to coast are already making hay this better way... and like it.



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## CENTENNIAL CHORUS

(Continued from page 16)

previously been informed by Paul Lockwood, the governor's executive secretary, that both he and the governor had been impressed upon hearing the hymn for the first time while attending the Governors' Convention in Salt Lake City last summer. Before singing the hymn, Elder Chester W. Hill dedicated it to the governor and his secretary. Following the program Governor Dewey responded with some very complimentary remarks with respect to the virtues and courage of the Mormon pioneers; he stressed that the principles and teachings which made the pioneers great might well be inculcated into the national and world philosophy. He expressed appreciation for a copy of the Book of Mormon which was presented to him on behalf of the chorus by Elder Douglas H. Parker. Governor Dewey said this was the third copy of the Book of Mormon he had received. The second copy was received from President George Albert Smith, for whom he expressed great esteem, during a visit with President Smith in Salt Lake City last summer. The chorus was particularly happy to hear the governor say that he claimed Elder Ezra Taft Benson, of the Council of the Twelve, as a close friend, and that he was interested in the work that Elder Benson had performed for the Church in Europe. At the conclusion of the performance, the governor spent some time visiting with the missionaries, allowing the Associated Press and United Press photographers to take pictures of the group.

Since returning from the tour, the chorus has appeared before an average of six thousand persons a week, and as many as nine thousand in one week. During every performance, one of the elders tells of the founding of the Church and of its early history in the East, and stresses the fact that the principles which have given rise to the accomplishments the Church is now lauded and praised for, were born upon the soil of the East.

THE Prophet would, however, still find prejudiced and misinformed people, but the centennial observance has placed in the hands of missionaries and members a new in-

strument with which to combat intolerance and misunderstanding. By bringing the accomplishments made by the Latter-day Saints to the attention of the people of the East, they more readily see that it is a good tree that has brought forth such fruit. For example, the principal of a large high school in Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, was hesitant in inviting the chorus to perform for the student body for fear his students would be exposed to the teachings of the Latter-day Saints. After the performance was over and the students had not only been thrilled by the beautiful music, but also had heard a young man tell of the missionary system and the Word of Wisdom of the Church, the principal arose, and in front of all the students said, "We want you to come back, but please do not wait another hundred years."

A minister of a large church in New Castle, Pennsylvania, donated his chapel for a concert, and confessed before the program started that since he had extended this privilege to the missionaries, he had been criticized by another minister for doing so. "The Mormons are our enemies," was the complaint. The reverend was so pleased with the performance that he invited the elders to return and offered his aid in helping to have his chapel filled the next time the chorus visited his city. He said that more people needed to know of the young Latter-day Saint missionaries, and of the mission of good will that the Church so successfully promotes.

It is thrilling to see the influence the Tabernacle Choir program has had in developing a tolerant attitude among the people of the East toward the Latter-day Saints. Everywhere the Utah Centennial Chorus went, the talks of President Richard L. Evans and the singing of the Tabernacle Choir have paved the way in opening the doors of radio stations and clubs. "We have been asked by our radio committee to shape our radio programs more to the style of your Richard L. Evans," said one minister who was the head of the Federation of Churches in one large city.

Of the twenty-nine radio broadcasts rendered by the chorus, fourteen of them were half an hour in length. On these programs were

presented in music and word either the dramatization of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon or of the pioneer exodus. In several instances the chorus felt flattered when the engineer at the transmitter telephoned and asked if the program had been presented by a national network. In Buffalo, the manager of a large radio station asked the chorus if they would present a weekly program. In another city they were told that they were not only the cleanest young men that had entered the station but also that they were the best chorus that had been featured over the station.

FROM the time of the Prophet's first announcement that he had seen a vision until the time of his death, he was the target of bitter slander and vilification from the press. Today, in every city in which the chorus performed, they were praised by the press. *The Kingston Freeman*, in Kingston, New York, prefaced a full column article with "The audience at Kingston High School Tuesday night heard a program which well deserved to start the concert season in Kingston," and "The Utah Centennial Chorus, comprised of ten Mormon missionaries presented music which could easily compare with any musical program heard in Kingston." *The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, the largest evening newspaper in America, became interested in the activities of the chorus and printed a full column article lauding the excellence of the chorus, and praising the Mormon missionary system and the manner in which it develops talent and leadership.

Almost every newspaper article and every letter received by the mission office regarding the chorus, has highlighted and centered around Elder Hill's piano solos and his direction of the chorus. One of the newspapers had this to say regarding Elder Hill:

Elder Chester W. Hill's piano solos were most exceptional. His rapid passages were marvelous as he played "La Campanella" by Paganini arranged for the piano by Liszt. This was preceded by as difficult a number, the famous "Sextette" from *Lucia di Lammermoor* arranged for the left hand alone, by Leschetizky. As if these two numbers were not sufficient in one playing, Elder Hill consented to an encore for the audience

(Concluded on page 46)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





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## CENTENNIAL CHORUS

(Concluded from page 44)

and chose Chopin's Polonaise. In directing the chorus he was equally exceptional and showed versatility rarely seen in musicians.

The success of the chorus is largely due to the ability of its director, Elder Hill of Fayette, Utah, who received his training at the Univer-

sity of Utah, Juilliard School of Music, and Columbia University. The members of the chorus have prayerfully worked together, and the Lord has tempered their voices that they might sing praises unto him. The manner in which their individual talents have contributed to the whole is inspiring.

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## HOLE IN THE ROCK

(Concluded from page 28)

Mary's heart leaped. "Father!" she cried, "is it—a—child?"

"There is a time of fulfilment, Mary, I say I have a blessing—ya. A blessing that is predicated upon obedience."

*Obedience.* Mary saw her father going down the path, heard his stubby feet clicking on the packed dry earth, emphasizing the word upon her brain. *Obedience . . . Obedience.*

WEEKS went by. The little valley became laced with the paths to the river, worn by the feet of women and children as they carried endless pails of muddy water to their yellowing plants. If the ditch did not hold this time, everything would die. Already the field crops were curling in the hot dry sun. The trails wore deeper and deeper under the blistered bare feet that had made them. Forward and back! Forward and back! An endless, unflinching line, taking what the river would not give.

And then it was over. The ditch was done. Tomorrow there would be water for the land.

Kisten came running up the path to Mary's house.

"What a celebration!" she cried.

"A picnic my Yens has ordered. I must have you to help me, Mary." "Wh—when will the water be turned in?" Mary questioned, trembling till she could hardly stand.

"At noon when the sun is high!"

"When the sun is high," Mary repeated. She looked toward her sickly little garden. "Yes," she said. "Sundown would be too late."

Mary stooped to straighten a drooping plant, and then followed Kisten down the path, across the town, and along the river, three and a half miles to the intake of the canal.

Solemnly a prayer was said, dedicating the land and the water to the use of the people. With a hearty "Amen," the headgate was lifted, and the water flowed in—a full, life-giving stream.

The people marched gaily along the canal, shouting and singing "In Our Lovely Deseret, Where the Saints of God have met, . . ."

But, suddenly, it became apparent that something was wrong. The watermaster had thrust his measuring rod into the water; fear and disbelief were in his face. He ran back to the headgate and took the water's depth there, ran a little way and measured again, repeating the test at intervals, shaking his head at the results.

The shouting died a worried death.

The watermaster ran a mile down the dry ditch bed and waited for the water to meet him. But it did not come.

"Surveyed to run up hill!" he exclaimed bitterly.

The people trailed back to the intake and stood with bowed heads, waiting for their leader's word.

"*Ve shall begin all over again!*" Jens Nielsen cried. "*Ve must pay for our mistakes.*"

"Let the people bow their heads in prayer," Platt Lyman said.

Wives and husbands stood together, hands locked to hands, while their children clung to them, frightened by the ominous seriousness of the prayer.

Mary stood alone at the edge of the crowd, for she had not been able to get close to Kumen, and he had been too preoccupied with trouble to go to her. When the prayer was finished, she turned and walked back to her home and her withered garden.

Through the efforts of the hundreds of faithful missionaries of the past and those of the present, the seeds of the gospel that were planted by the Prophet in the East have not gone unwatered, but they are now taking root in more fertile soil that has been tillied by a century of accomplishments.

She donned her old slat bonnet, pressed her starched and ruffled white one into its week-day box, took up her buckets and went slowly down to the river for water. She bent to the river's edge, and filled her pails, as she had done so many hundred times before. She brought the buckets out of the water, then quivering in every fibre of her fine young body, she tipped them to the river again and poured the water back.

"It is—sundown. It is too late!"

Then, as if he were beside her, she heard her father's unflinching words at the ditch—"We will begin again."

Another year—a new ditch—

A smile came to her lips. "Obedience is better than sacrifice—" she said, "And to hearken—"

The San Juan lapped gently at its shores; the wind ruffled the leaves of the cottonwoods. . . . And they were whispers of promise to her listening heart.

THE END

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## Presiding Bishop's Page

(Concluded from page 41)

3. He disappointed and set a bad example by being late.

4. He seemed to have little appreciation of the importance of the situation.

5. He was neither interesting, instructive, nor stimulating.

6. There was no outward sign of either faith or works.

This may have been an unusual day for him, unlike his usual performance. But we might profitably think about this kind of situation as it has significance for all of us.

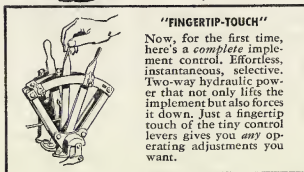
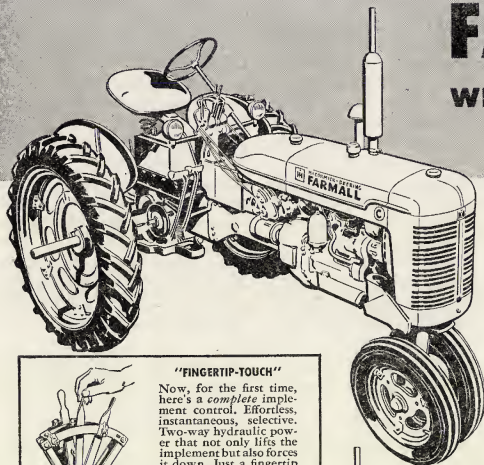
It seems certain that the Lord intended that we take our calling seriously. He said, "See that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength." That's a pretty serious charge.



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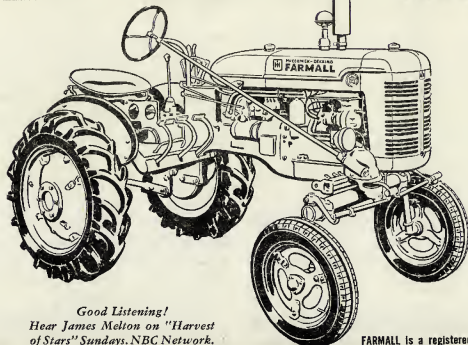


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## CENTENNIAL YEAR IN ARGENTINA

(Concluded from page 17)

hemisphere, come the young and old alike to participate in the activities of the conferences that leave forever in the hearts of all the love of God and of man, which can only come through a knowledge of the true spirit of the purpose. Likewise in other cities such as Rosario, La Plata, and Pergamino preparations throughout the entire Mutual year have been centered around the centennial year and climaxed with their participation at the banquet, the variety programs, volleyball games for the girls, basketball tournaments for the fellows, the crowning of the queen at the Gold and Green Ball, and the other activities held at conference time. Talented directors, taking advantage of this unique spirit and cooperation, have prepared programs that would add dignity to the stage of any theater.

A RECENT tour was taken to the branches of Rio Cuarto, Cordoba, Santa Fe, Rosario, and Pergamino, its purpose being to give programs in the Mutuels. Combined with musical numbers, skits, and

readings, a puppet show was prepared by Joseph A. Fitzpatrick, depicting a story of early pioneer life in Utah. An estimated 1,800 people, most of whom were investigators, saw this program.

Another project took the missionary chorus along with other numbers, under the direction of Elder and Sister Lyman S. Shreeve of Tucson, Arizona, to three American schools, Collegio Ward, American Grammar and High School, and Lincoln School, where 1,400 grammar and high school students witnessed, as they remarked, one of the outstanding programs in the history of their schools, besides learning much about our missionary purpose and work. This same program was also presented to a capacity crowd of American Legionnaires who invited the missionary chorus to their annual banquet, since most of the elders are former servicemen.

One of the most recent successes of the year was on the evening of the 11th of November when the basketball team and the missionary chorus were invited as special guests to celebrate the anniversary

of the *Club Gimnasia y Esgrima* de Buenos Aires, (the largest club in South America covering a city block and extending nine stories high), and put on an exhibition basketball game against one of their first division teams, with the chorus singing three songs during the half, and Elder Leland Wakefield, one of the newest missionaries and a concert pianist, playing two numbers on the piano. *Los Mormones* came out winners in all, since the chorus and piano numbers were very well liked, and the basketball team won by four points. Approximately eight hundred persons were at the game and heard the program.

Programs of the same nature are scheduled soon for Mendoza, Tandil, and Bahia Blanca, including two fifteen-minute radio programs at the latter city. These programs not only animate the mutual activities of each branch, but also help our missionaries in their tracting work, and have left in the memories of all a most enjoyable and inspirational centennial year.

President and Sister W. Ernest Young and all the missionaries join with us in sending *saludos* from the Argentine to everyone.

## Mulek of Zarahemla

(Continued from page 24)

the crowd and into the closer press near where the priest was standing. He was pleased, as he always was, with the public's reaction to his presence. Some people always greeted him warmly, or at least with smiles, proud of his acquaintance or friendship, or seeking his favor. Others frowned upon him, their disapproval as plain as the pleasure of the rest. Mulek did not much mind the nature of men's reception of him so long as they noticed him.

Shiblon was reading from the scripture and did not notice the interruption of Mulek's coming. Wholly intent upon his message, the universal conflict between good and evil, the law of opposites, the relation of cause to effect, he read earnestly on. He loved the scripture, and his joy in it was evident in the fervency of his voice and the expression of his face.

His voice was low and full of feeling.

"For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things—"

"Good evening, friend Shiblon. How is the missionary business these days?"

The priest looked up, startled. When he saw from whom the interruption came, he scowled with displeasure.

"Nay, Mulek," he replied sternly, "I want nothing to do with thee."

"How is this?" Mulek asked scornfully. "May a sinner no longer come to the church and hope to receive a welcome?"

"Thou art not a sinner only," Shiblon answered with warmth, "unworthy son of a worthy father. Thou seekest only to make light of that which is holy, and this for thine own amusement."

Mulek smiled. The situation was to his liking.

"This law of which you read," he questioned, "is it a law of Zarahemla?"

"Yea," the missionary answered earnestly, "and of all other nations. It is a law of God, given through his holy prophets."

"Prophets, say you? Are you a prophet?"

"No man can prophesy save God

put into his mouth the things he shall say. If God instruct him, then is he a prophet."

"Nay, Shiblon, you do not meet the issue. I have asked if you are a prophet. Can you foretell the future, that which is to come? Can you predict what I will do, or these men here?"

"It takes no prophet to tell what you will do," said one at his side.

"You are ungodly as well as unmannerly to interrupt a service in this manner, when you seek no good purpose," another said to Mulek.

"May not a man ask a question?"

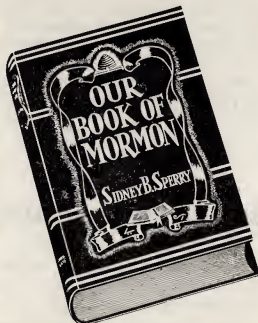
"Nay, Omni, he is ever thus," Shiblon turned his thoughtful eyes full upon his tormentor. "Thou goest about with no thought but to please thyself, to stir up trouble. Thou spendest thy time and sustenance on wasters that take delight in ribaldry and jesting."

"Thou hast asked whether I am a prophet. I will tell thee. If it be God's will, thou shalt know this thing when thou goest without friends to applaud, without resources for wickedness, sick in body and

(Concluded on page 53)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





This volume has been written to help the student to gain a better acquaintance with the Book of Mormon. It is especially designed to bring the reader in close contact with the record itself. Special attention has been given to an analysis of the scripture as a whole and to its constituent records. Greater heed has been paid to the literary forms in this scripture than has been done heretofore. It is hoped that the discussions of the major literary problems of the Book of Mormon will prove helpful to many persons.

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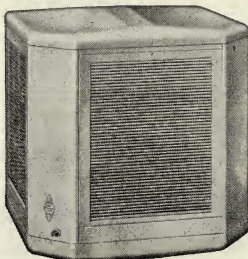
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## No-Liquor-Tobacco Column

(Concluded from page 39)

ten percent of drinkers become drunkards—people who disgrace themselves by habitually getting drunk. In any case drunkenness is now, the knowing ones say, one of the major health problems of the country.

But all the evils and problems of drinking alcoholic beverages have an easily recognized solution—total abstinence—easy to see but apparently difficult to attain. However the difficulty is not insuperable, and it is certainly best attacked through wise and ample education. The time to begin this education is in childhood and the early teens. It is entirely possible to instruct and motivate the youth so that they will be steered against ever indulging in alcoholic beverages.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS** should be required, and private ones encouraged, to teach the facts about liquor and other injurious narcotics with their attendant evils. Existing laws, as those in Utah, requiring public schools to do this are seldom, if ever, fully observed. This failure should be eliminated. As a suggestion we recommend that citizens in every community, interested in the moral welfare of the people, should insist on these laws being fully observed.

Now it is easy to say these things, but wistful thinking alone will not get them done. Activity and work are necessary. Many enforcement officers will be negligent and dormant unless they are encouraged by the electorate to do their duty. Committees representing the electorate should therefore see that the necessary encouragement is continually given.

If every boy and girl were rightly taught the truth relative to the effects of narcotics and the risks of disaster incurred by their use, a large majority of the youth would undoubtedly continue to be abstainers. Helpful to this end would be the elimination of lying and seductive advertisements found in the press, in radio broadcasts, and on billboards. Thus it may be seen that in every community there is important work to be done if education and environment are brought into service to produce boys and girls free from the blighting effects of narcotics.

But there is another influential agency that must be brought into service if desired results are to be attained, and that is the home. Of all the operative agencies this one can be the most effective. It is in the home where teaching by both precept and example can secure the best results. It is very important, therefore, that every feasible means be used, if necessary, to obtain

the full cooperation of parents and guardians in carrying on the program of education and law observance enforcement. To get total abstinence of individuals and a clean, wholesome environment let all reasonable efforts be made to reach these objectives. Let officers and committees be appointed (or elected) who will diligently work to make these objectives a reality.

## Evidences and Reconciliations

(Concluded from page 33)

There are others, who misled by the powers of evil, think the Church in error, and set out to change conditions, independently, with the aid of the priesthood that they have received from the Church. These persons are equally foolish. If the Church is in error, its gifts are not authoritative, and these self-styled reformers must go elsewhere for authority.

All travelers on the road of untruth may be warned that they are acting under the inspiration of the prince of darkness, the clever conscienceless foe, but deceiving imitator of truth, and have no priesthood except that of Satan.—J.A.W.

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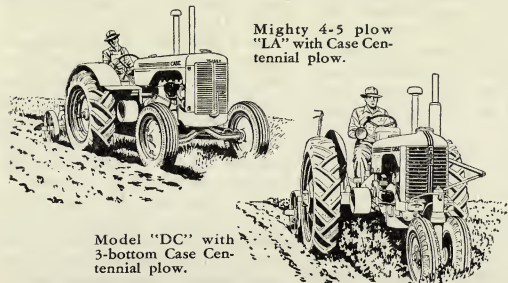
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# CASE

## URUGUAY—NEW MISSION FIELD

(Continued from page 15)

out in the achieving of independence for their native land. One was Jose Artigas, the other Juan Antonio Lavalleja. Artigas, called the hero of independence, did not achieve this goal. Lavalleja did achieve it. Artigas in 1815 struggled against three potent enemies who made a team compatible with each other on just one thing: the downing of Uruguayan independence ambitions. They were the king of Spain, the regent of Brazil, and the director of the revolutionary government then recently set up at Buenos Aires, across the La Plata in Argentina. Artigas held Montevideo and other territory, but could not maintain himself firmly and was driven from his position. His great humiliation was the occupation of Montevideo by Portuguese soldiers (in 1820, the year before Brazil gained her independence), and having their general declare that Uruguay was henceforth the Cisplatine Province of the kingdom of Portugal and Brazil.

Five years later, Lavalleja assembled "thirty-three immortals," each a native-born patriot of Uruguay, who invaded the country; and after an electrifying campaign declared independence. In a contradictory vein, however, Lavalleja declared adherence to the United Provinces of La Plata (Argentina). Brazil, now a nation in its own right under Pedro I, went to war with the United Provinces and was badly defeated. Argentina, which had emerged from the United Provinces, renounced control of Uruguay and left it entirely free. A Constitutional Assembly convened in 1828, and submitted drafts of a constitution to both Argentina and Brazil. Both nations approved, and on July 18, 1830, the first Uruguayan officials were sworn into office. Although this constitution is no longer operative, and it did not stop bloodshed among the Uruguayans, the day it became effective will always be a day of rejoicing in Uruguayan hearts. The main thoroughfare in the capital city, Montevideo, is the *Avenida 18 de Julio*. Yes, it may truly be said that the Uruguayans are intensely proud and jealous of their freedom, which has been purchased and repurchased many times by the blood of patriots.

Who are the people? The basic stock of the population of Uruguay is Spanish. Italians rank second. Pure-blood Indians are said to have become extinct about 1832, although a breakdown of the census gives eighty-six percent white, twelve percent mestizo, and two percent Indian.

Up to World War I, immigration to Uruguay came almost entirely from Spain, Italy, and other south-eastern European countries. Many of the immigrants came for only a season's work, and returned to their homeland. For instance, in 1913, the year before the war, over two hundred sixty thousand arrived, but so many emigrated again that the permanent residue was only thirty-one thousand, despite congressional appropriations to encourage permanent immigration. Since World War I there has been a considerable influx of immigrants from central and eastern Europe.

The national language is Spanish. State and church are now separate in Uruguay, that being a provision of the 1919 constitution, and there is complete religious toleration. The latest statistics indicate that while a majority of the inhabitants belong to the Roman Catholic faith, about one-third of the population is classified as Protestants or liberals.

At the beginning of the twentieth century nearly half the population was illiterate. Since that time marked improvement has taken place. Primary education is now compulsory. The University of Montevideo, established in 1849, has more than seventeen thousand students. It comprises schools of law, medicine, social science, dentistry, pharmacy, chemistry, engineering, architecture, economics, and agriculture. Also under its control is a school of veterinary medicine, rated as the best in Latin America.

Ninety-two percent of the land available for agriculture is used for stock raising. Four-fifths of Uruguay's exports consists of animal products. The country normally furnishes from fifteen to eighteen percent of the world's meat exports; the United Kingdom being the leading purchaser of its exports.

Farming—the tilling of the soil—has made substantial gains in re-

cent years. The principal crops are: wheat, corn, oats, barley, and linseed. Until the middle eighties of the last century nearly all flour was imported. Today flour is exported. Agriculture is being carried on more scientifically today than ever before, and a commendable attempt is being made to reforest. Manufacturing is being encouraged by the government as it has been since the turn of the century.

Uruguay is a compact nation of rolling, grassy plains, bright with a wide variety of wild flowers. The elevation of the entire land is under two thousand feet. Transportation is easy, because steamers of fourteen-foot draft can travel halfway up the country's Uruguay River border, and smaller craft can go nearly the length of that border. It has a railroad and airline network at its disposal.

Being south of the equator the seasons are reversed from what we of the northern hemisphere know. June and July are the coldest months of the year, although in Uruguay it seldom gets very cold. January and February are the warmest months. And in November—the metropolis of Montevideo is literally bathed in the scent of its roses.

The capitol building in Montevideo is a must to see—there are thirty kinds of marble in sixty-two shades of coloring in the building. The marble is native, mineral resources of the country being limited almost entirely to stone. Pillars of pink granite support the capitol roof.

This building, of course, is the center of the Uruguayan government. Under the constitution of 1936, Uruguay elects each four years a president, vice president, a cabinet, and a two-house congress. The president and vice president may not succeed themselves, and the cabinet and congress are chosen by proportional representation. All literate citizens vote, including women, who may sit in congress.

One thing must be remembered by the visitor in Uruguay. Traffic is driven on the left, as a salute, perhaps, to Great Britain, who has invested heavily in the nation's industry and development.

LAST May 17 the First Presidency announced the decision to open

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



the Uruguayan Mission. Frederick S. Williams of South Gate, California, a veteran missionary among the Spanish-speaking world, was selected as mission president. President Williams served his first mission in South America in 1927, less than two years after Elders Melvin J. Ballard, Rulon S. Wells, and Rey L. Pratt had dedicated that continent to the preaching of the gospel on Christmas Day 1925. President Williams returned to his home in 1929, being called again as president of the Argentine Mission in 1938, serving until 1942.

President and Sister Williams left New York for their field of labor on August 1. They were followed by ten elders in October. Already, with a missionary force that includes nineteen elders and the president and his wife, much has been accomplished. A mission home and office (the picture of which appears as an illustration for this article) has been obtained at *Calle Brito del Pino 1527*, in Montevideo. The mission home is just three blocks from the American Embassy, and is near a beautiful park named in honor of the allied nations of World War I. Here ten more elders will make their headquarters, arriving in the mission early in January.

There are now three missions in South America—Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay, each fully staffed to spread the gospel message.

## Mulek of Zarahemla

(Continued from page 48)

soul, humbled to the dust. I will speak with thee no further, to waste my time and mock God."

THE young prince smiled, shrugged his shoulders, beamed upon the gathering, turned and limped away in the direction of his home. If as he went, he noticed that no one else shared his levity, it worried him not at all.

He was proud of himself. He was proud of his place among the people, of his appearance that none failed to observe, proud of his nation, his wealth, his beautiful homes. He was proud of his city, its laws that he flouted, proud of the judges he laughed at, and the priests of whom he made light.

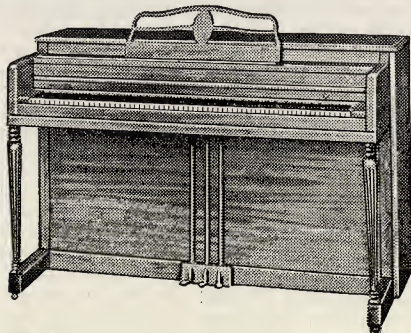
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## IF I WERE A YOUNG BRIDE

(Continued from page 21)

called more important things, without some semblance of order. I would know that tidiness is on the surface but that order is basic and has to do with intelligently reasoned arrangements and procedures. I would try to be orderly.

I would not spend my time in unduly long and involved cooking, but I would study nutrition and gloat over the continued modern verification of the advice given us in the Word of Wisdom. I would spend my food money first of all for health, using my ingenuity for eye-and-appetite appeal, but rarely if ever, going in for indulgences.

IF I were a young bride, I would keep out of debt. I would try to spend wisely for genuine advancement, but in making purchases I would wait as long as possible—risking losing something I wanted or needed—rather than risking buying something I later found I did not want (though I would know that sooner or later both of these mistakes would be mine!).

If I were a young bride, I would not spend my money for regular entertainment such as a regular Saturday night movie followed by a regular hamburger and malt. It is deadly to spirits and finances. If I had an opportunity to see a good play or movie, hear a special concert, indulge in an anniversary "splurge," buy a good book or an album of records, I would consider it thoughtfully—giving up the idea or going through with it, as seemed best—but I wouldn't waste a thought or a dime on regular diversion for diversion's sake. I would find a good, brisk walk better fun and less costly—unless the price of shoe leather continues to ascend!

But, if I were a young bride, I would not give up all entertainment. I would pick and choose—again with an eye to the basics. I would still be young enough to enjoy an evening with a sled on a snowy hill among friends who were gay and young and in love. And I would bring them home to a bowl of salad and a cup of soup and a little community singing, or I would arrange a few simple cooperative dinners with my friends, work up a quartet or a string trio, and enjoy a little practising together.

If I were a young bride, I would be very diligent and creative in my spare time. I would learn to wield a paintbrush and a hammer as well as a needle. I would find out how to make curtains that hung right, and I wouldn't be above knowing the intricacies of orange crate construction. I would try to learn to make everything I possibly could for myself and my home—from bread to buttonholes—from rag rugs to lamp shades. I would learn to salvage and to mend and to restore.

I would learn a great deal about my husband's work, whether it was farming, or bookkeeping, or politics, or plumbing, or painting, or dentistry. I would try to encourage his progress in his chosen field. I would sustain him in his disappointments and rejoice in his successes.

If I were a young bride, I would try to find out about my community. I would "travel" in my neighborhood and learn its history. I would "sightsee" in my vicinity and sense its wonders. I would know its hills, and woods, and waters. I would see them in sunshine and shadow—in morning and by moonlight. I would find my valley's romance.

If I were a young bride, I would try to grow with my husband. Insofar as it was possible, I would make his recreation, my recreation; his interests, mine; his hopes and aspirations, my hopes and aspirations. I would help him as best I could with his problems and hope that he would help me with mine. I would not have secrets from him, and I would make

my plans—both long range and immediate—after careful consultation. I would try to face our problems together.

IF I were a young bride, I would make fashion my friend and not my master. Fashion can be made to add the little sparkle and change to life which keeps it from becoming dreary. There is no reason why it should not originate with us. If I were a bride, I would try being a little original in my home, in my clothes, my meals, my personality. I would try being myself.

Yes, I would go farther. I would try being very honest—with myself, my husband, with life.

But also—I would try to be beautiful—as beautiful as I could be, without making a fetish of beauty. I would dress as becomingly as possible. I would never permit myself to get overweight. I would try to be kind, and considerate, and thoughtful, and unselfish. I would cultivate my mind as assiduously as my body. I would read good books and listen to good music and try to develop my talents. Yes, I would try to be beautiful.

If I were a young bride, I would try to be clean—in every way. I would admire it in my husband, and I would, by sheer force of example, exact it of my associates.

If I were a young bride, who worked because my husband was a student with little or no income, I would try to make the best of a difficult interim, but I would think of it as only an interim. I would make my barracks, or barn, or garage as habitable as possible by begging and borrowing castoffs—or by using my own marvelous renovating ingenuity. I would spend nothing that health, education, and sanity didn't demand. Gratefully, I would accept help from my parents or his parents—if they were able and glad to give it—and I would try to show my gratitude by being happy, affectionate, and considerate of them. While I was working, I would try to distribute the chores of the household fairly—in accordance with time and strength—between my husband and myself. But I would recognize the whole situation as a not-too-desirable emergency and terminate it as soon as possible.

### TO ENSIGN BENCH

By Edna S. Dustin

FROM dusty sage your thirsty hillside grew  
With homes that now hold up the blue  
starched sky,  
Where from their crystal eyes obtain a view  
Of this great city, and it now defies  
Any jeweler's window to display  
Crown jewels more magnificent than these  
Hung on this city's throat, their bright array  
To glisten when it slumbers there in peace.

Your thirstiness was quenched by friendly  
hands  
Through these: your beauty smiles on every  
street.  
No opiate house affords or now commands  
A sight more beautiful than this that's  
viewed  
From your great bench, growing through  
the years,  
This city carved from sage by pioneers.



If I were a working bride and my husband was working—and it was at all possible to live within his wages—I would stop working at once. That is—unless I was such a rare and gifted person that the ceasing of my career would be a loss to the world at large and result in a sense of complete unfulfilment to myself. The reason I would stop is not because I would expect to relax and take it easy but because this double working arrangement sets up a false sense of values, produces undue tension and fatigue in the early months of marriage when a certain amount of easing up is essential to adjustment, establishes an untenable economic status, and largely defeats the purpose of marriage, which is the making of a home. A young bride has a full-time job on her hands in establishing the basic values of her marriage.

Most of all, if I were a young bride, I would try to prepare myself for parenthood. I would build my home from the beginning, with love, and security, and simplicity. I would build my marriage with health, and humor, and sincerity. I would power my life with faith—faith in my home, in my husband, in love, in marriage. And with that faith, I would let my Heavenly Father have the great deciding voice as to when my children arrived and how many we had.

Knowing that constant happiness would not be recognizable, I would not expect to be happy every minute. I would not expect to be free from sorrow or problems or any of the vital experiences of life, but I would expect that with prayer and love and patience; with cheerfulness and humor, I could meet each day's needs. I would know that my husband and I were bound to disagree at times and, that under the stress of ambition and fatigue, we would both be critical and tiresome occasionally. But I would try to follow the old-fashioned rule that the day's end should find us in accord, that sleep would be sweet because it followed our unselfish searching for understanding and conciliation.

Yes, if I were a bride, I would build my marriage on the basis of faith, love, and hard work—adding my own lively personal touch—and know that it would be good—even beautiful.



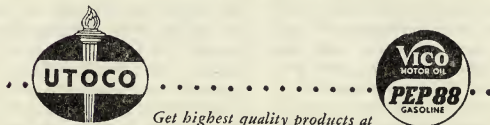
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## THE VAUDOIS REVISITED

(Continued from page 14)

into the Church, including his own grandparents and his mother. John Daniel Malan was the first baptized convert, on October 27, 1850, "opening a door which no man can shut," as Elder Snow expressed it. The Cardons, Stalles, Gaudins, the Beuses, and the Chatelains followed, with many others, represented in America today by a noble lineage.

NIGHT fell upon us as we entered Switzerland. On September 11, we crossed the St. Gothard Pass through mountains of imposing grandeur and over winding, zigzag roads and hairpin curves, thence speeding along the level roads of the fertile Po Valley.

Our itinerary called for us to remain that night in Milan. Both of us felt the urge to push on, and in this event it was well that we did.

From Turin the next morning early we drove to Torre Pellice, the Italian form of the La Tour of President Snow, the chief village of the Vaudois. It was a market day, and the crowds were out on the street. We were impressed with the large percentage of blond complexions among them. Surely persecution had indeed made them a distinct race.

Before leaving our hotel room President Barker and I had prayed for guidance in the important task ahead, that we might secure permission to microfilm the records of all these Vaudois parishes. On our way we then planned to go first to the parish of Prarustin, the birthplace of President Barker's mother, Marguerite Stalle. With good fortune we might find the pastor still there who twenty years before had helped obtain Brother Barker's genealogy of his mother's family. From the pastor we might learn if there was some official in their church who might grant us permission to copy all the parish registers, and thus save the effort of visiting each pastor in turn. Thus we reasoned.

In the car we followed a narrow and tortuous cart trail up the steep mountain-like hill to Saint Barthelemy, a cluster of houses forming the center of the parish. We met the pastor, Umberto Bert, a young man, who cordially invited us into his simple office, and listened sympathetically to our appeal for per-

mission to film the registers. He was highly interested to learn that President Barker's mother had been born in his parish, and brought in for our inspection a number of the registers. In one of them was found the baptism or christening of Marguerite Stalle in 1850. He himself favored the filming of these precious church books which had survived the periods of persecution, and told us that fortunately the moderateur or primate of all the Vaudois churches in Italy was right then in Torre Pellice, and would have the authority to speak for all the eighteen parishes.

Led by President Barker we climbed the steep hillside, up and ever upward, till at length we gazed upon the ruins of the home where his mother had been born. Here in November 1855, President Franklin D. Richards and two other elders took refuge from a mob. The Stalle family fed them on goat's milk and bread and butter and cheese. As they left, President Richards told Sister Stalle to prepare to leave for Zion. That same year she sailed for Zion with her husband and their children and a group of neighbor converts.

From that eminence, we had a commanding view of the valleys and of the steep hillsides with rock terraces. "Each year," said President Barker, "these mountain folk on the higher Alps had to carry their eroded soil in baskets on their backs up the hill, and spread it in its original location. They lived from the chestnuts, grapes, figs, and other fruits they cultivated, together with the products of their few sheep and goats and the culture of the silkworm."

He told also of how his grandparents had joined one of the first handcart companies. Disease had sapped the strength of the father of the family. He became helpless and had to be put in one of the wagons. One day he told his wife he would never reach the valley but predicted that once they arrived, no one of them would ever lack for bread; and some day their daughter Margaret would be in easy circumstances. When they looked upon him later in the wagon, he was dead. They wrapped his body in a sheet and placed it in a grave between two layers of sagebrush.

BACK in Torre Pellice we called upon the former pastor of Prarustin, Auguste Jahier, now retired. When he saw President Barker, he recognized him immediately and received us into his home with every mark of courtesy and deference, introducing us to his delightful family. We told them the story of microfilming, and they showed real interest. When we indicated our desire to see the moderateur, he willingly accompanied us to that dignitary, and even assisted us in urging the importance of having the records copied for preservation. The moderateur, M. Virgilio Sommani, said he should like to present the proposal to *La Table Vaudoise* or the executive governing committee of the church, which would again be in session in the morning. "Come back at ten in the morning," he said, "and I will have an answer for you."

Next morning, prior to that hour, we halted our car on the outskirts of Torre. As we sat there, we read once again excerpts from the *Autobiography* of Lorenzo Snow, when a branch of the Church was first organized here, nearly a century before.

"We ascended a very high mountain, a little distance from La Tour, and having taken our position on a bold projecting rock, we sang praises to the God of heaven. . . ."

There before us was Mont Vaudelin (*Monte Vandalino* in Italian) and there plainly visible was Castaluzzo, like a tiny castle, the bold, projecting rock of his account. We read further:

Elder Snow proposed that this mountain be known among the people of God, henceforth and forever, as Mount Brigham, and the rock upon which we stood the Rock of Prophecy.

For here he had predicted the great future of the gospel in Italy.

On February 24, 1851, two young Vaudois were to be baptized. Elder Jabez Woodard reported:

It rained and snowed amain, and the atmosphere was so dense that we could not see distinctly a little way ahead. But as we descended towards the Angrogna River, a singular scene was presented: the clouds were suddenly rent asunder, as if they had been a sheet of paper, and the side of Mount Brigham was visible, in a moment, from the top to the bottom. I exclaimed, "The veil over Italy has burst," and yet, at the instant, I knew not what I was saying. I stood paralyzed with the magnificent



views which opened on every side; then with a prayer to Israel's God, we entered the stream. (*Ibid.*, pp. 177-178.)

On a later date, when the gospel had taken root, Elder Snow wrote:

... more favorable opportunities now seem to present themselves, and the Book of Mormon will lend its powerful aid in building up the Church. ... it was no small pleasure to find it welcomed by the Saints in Italy as a heavenly treasure. ... Nor can I express the delight which I experienced in gazing upon Mount Brigham, on whose rocky brow we had organized *La Chiesa di Gesù Christo dei Santi degli Ultimi Giorni, in Italia*. The Waldenses were the first to receive the Gospel, but by the press and the exertions of the Elders, it will be rolled forth beyond their mountain regions. (*Ibid.*, p. 209.)

And again:

We have here no temple—no building made by human hands, but the mountains tower around us—far above all edifices. ... On Sunday, the twenty-fourth of November, we ascended one of these eminences which seem to occupy a position between earth and sky, and which, on a former occasion, we had named "Mount Brigham." During our tedious ascent, the sun shone forth in all its brightness; but in such parts as were shaded, we found snow on the ground, and many a craggy peak and rocky summit on every side were white with the snowy fleeces of winter.

Having reached the place we sought, we gazed with rapture on the enchanting scenes of surrounding nature. Before us was a plain so vast that it seemed as if immensity had become visible. ... Light and shade produced their effect in that magnificent picture, in a surprising degree; for while the clouds hung their shadows on one part, another was illuminated with the most brilliant sunlight as far as the eye could reach.

But there was one hallowed reflection which threw all around a brighter lustre than the noontide firmament: it was in that place, two months before, that we organized the Church of Jesus Christ in Italy. If we had stood upon a pavement of gold and diamonds, it would not have produced an impression like the imperishable remembrance of that sacred scene.

Amid the sublime display of the Creator's works, we sang the praises of his eternal name. (*Ibid.*, pp. 173-174.)

What hymns they sang with full hearts is not recorded, but it would have been highly appropriate had they sung President Snow's own hymn. In thinking of the Vaudois he wrote about this time:

The following hymn expresses the feelings engendered by their romantic situation:

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God:

Thou hast made Thy children mighty

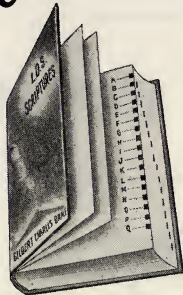
By the touch of the mountain sod.

Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,

Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;

(Concluded on page 58)

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## The Vaudois Revisited

(Concluded from page 57)

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon,  
Whose light must never die;  
We are guardians of an altar,  
'Midst the silence of the sky.  
The rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by thy rod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God.

This beautiful and stirring hymn, revised to apply to the mountains of Zion in the West, has long been printed in our hymnbooks with the words "Altered by Edward L. Sloan" in lieu of the name of the original author.

Subdued in our feelings reminiscent of the blessings of the past and the glory of the future, convinced that unseen forces were aiding us mightily, we drove on into Torre Pellice. With Pastor Jahier we ascended once more the stairs to the meeting place where *La Table* was in session. He rapped on the door. Moderateur Sommani came out, smiling a warm welcome. He took us into his office and had us sit down. We were watching his every move intently. Upon his desk was a typed official letter. He reached for his pen, signed the document, stamped it with his official seal, and handed it to us triumphantly. We read, in French, his good message (see box, page 13).

We thanked each other profusely, and set out on our return journey, happy in the complete success of our undertaking. In a day and a half we had achieved what might have consumed days of time. Had we tarried a night in Milan this fortunate result would have been of necessity delayed, for the next day was Sunday.

Back at the Jahier home we said our good-byes and *adieu*s and *au revoir*s amid every manifestation of friendship. Pastor Jahier graciously tendered us one of the histories of the Vaudois which he had written. Finally we closed the doors of the car and drove away "with many a thanks and many a backward bow" on their part and on our own.

Next spring, when mountain passes are open, we hope to have a photographer accompany President Barker to the three Protestant valleys of the Piedmont, and copy the Vaudois records for preservation.



## Do You Know How To Read?

(Continued from page 20)

and culture. These things are necessary to give depth and freshness to teaching. Every teacher needs new books, new plans, new thoughts. If there is no newness, there is dullness.

It will be observed from the foregoing that to be a good teacher one must be a good reader. The need is great for good teachers in our priesthood quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Sunday Schools, Relief Society organizations, and Primary organizations. Likewise, the good missionary must be a good reader, and the need for excellent missionaries is urgent. The missionary is essentially a teacher and requires the same qualifications.

It should also be noted that good singing requires rapid reading. Singing requires teamwork of the eye and intellect. One must be able to read the words rapidly enough to have time left to see the musical notes and also to glance frequently at the conductor. Few persons read the words of a song rapidly enough to have time left to see the notes and the conductor.

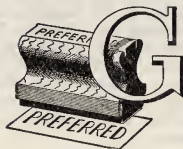
Let us then, as Saints of the latter-days, upon whom so many responsibilities have fallen, learn to read rapidly and well. The process is simple. The greatest problem will be in breaking bad reading habits already acquired.

To read properly one must see from three to five words at a glance or fixation. The poor reader sees one word at a time. The habit of reading one word at a time goes back to early childhood when one learned to recognize that a letter represented a sound and that a letter or group of letters represented a syllable or a word. When we became adults, few of us were taught to put away this childish practice. Few teachers have known the secret of good reading—the reading of groups of words. And the person is rare who has discovered for himself the secret of rapid reading.

The eye sees only when it is standing still. The eye moves in jerks and does not see between stops. Careful scientific research, with the aid of movie-camera studies of the eye movements of good read-

(Continued on page 60)

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## Do You Know How To Read?

(Continued from page 59)

ers and bad, has established this beyond doubt. The good reader sees from three to five words to the stop. Some have an even greater eye span. He reads words in groups. He makes but two or three fixations or stops in reading the ordinary line of print. A few gifted persons have such a wide-focus span that they can see an entire line of print to the stop. The reading of word groups is the crux of the reading problem for most people. Once the wearisome habit of reading a single word at each fixation has been replaced with the habit of reading word groups, the problem is largely solved.

The eye grasp, if centered, can easily include in one fixation a word group such as this:

NOW IS THE TIME

Poor readers would make four stops  
when one will do.

Persons having the bad habit of using the vocal organs when doing silent reading will have the problem of overcoming the practice. Once the reader discovers he has such a habit, the problem is partially solved.

IN developing correct habits it is important not to reverse the eye back over a line or phrase where a word has inadvertently been missed. Much time can be lost, and a bad habit formed if one makes a practice of going back. Rarely will the meaning of a paragraph be lost by going ahead where a word has been missed.

The first fixation on the new line should center in about the third word of the new line. It would be a waste of eye span to have the center of focus on the first word of the new line, for the left side of the span would be wasted on the left margin of the page. From the first fixation the eye moves to the center of each succeeding word group of the line. The move to the next succeeding line of print is properly made in a single swing.

The eye movements should be rhythmical for best results. It is best to practise on simple material where difficult concepts are not involved.

## THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Once a person has the habit of reading word groups, he can quickly cover much of his reading by skimming. The important thoughts contained in most written matter can be obtained by the selection of key-word groups. People gifted in skimming or selecting strategic word groups which convey the essential thoughts can cover many pages of printed matter in a relatively short time. Understanding the ideas of the author is, of course, the object of reading. If you need to understand but the general theme of the reading matter and if the details are not needed by you, skimming will do.

Better reading will improve the quality of our Church meetings. Community and group singing will improve because persons seeing a word group at a single fixation will be able also to see a group of notes at a fixation, and there will be time left to watch the conductor. Scriptural readings and other oral readings will improve, too, for the reader will be able to spend part of his time glancing up at his audience. The person reading word groups usually does well reading aloud. His eyes and thoughts have no difficulty keeping ahead of his tongue.

Whenever possible, let's teach these things in the classes and organizations of the Church. Let's really become a literate people. It will mean better understanding of the gospel, better teaching, improved missionary work, more real scholarship, finer singing and better oral reading. It will help us individually and collectively to attain toward perfection. The Master said, "Be ye therefore perfect." (Matthew 5: 48.)

NOTE: Any good library will have books on reading, should the reader wish to go deeper into the art of reading. The following should prove helpful:

*How to Read Rapidly and Well.* Wrenn and Cole, Stanford University Press, Palo Alto, California.

*The Art of Rapid, Silent Reading.* Pitkin, McGraw-Hill Book Co., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

*How to Use Your Mind.* Kitson, Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Learning How to Study and Work Effectively.* William F. Book, Ginn and Co., Chicago, Illinois.


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## From Sagebrush To Symphony

(Continued from page 19)

During recent leaves of absence from his university position, Professor Robertson has been associated with Ernst Toch and Arnold Schoenberg at the University of Southern California.

Recognition of his creative work has grown rapidly. His *Quartet in E Minor* was one of four compositions for strings honored by the New York Critics' Circle in 1944. He won the Helen Sheets prize for chamber music, an award for the best Latter-day Saint hymn, and the Utah Institute of Fine Arts award for his *Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra* which has been featured by the Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony. Acclaim has also been accorded his *American Serenade* in the past three years, and the *Punch and Judy Overture* which was premiered in the Salt Lake Tabernacle November 22, 1947, by the Utah Symphony Orchestra conducted by Maurice Abravanel. Much of his chamber music has been played extensively during the past decade, especially by the Roth Quartet.

An international audience heard the premiere of the prize-winning *Trilogy*, played December 14 over radio networks of the new world by the Detroit Symphony with Dr. Karl Krueger conducting.

The next work awaited from the pen of the brilliant Utahn is an oratorio from the Book of Mormon. Based on the scripture of ancient America, it includes music for choir, soloists, and orchestra, and is the largest work he has undertaken thus far.

The composer has rendered special service to the Church as a member and officer of the General Music Committee for a number of years.

IN his teaching and conducting as head of the music department at Brigham Young University, Professor Robertson has contributed much to the building of one of the West's major music centers. The university symphony has gained a wide reputation for its excellence and is soon to be featured on the Sunday Evening Hour of the Church over Station KSL. A large proportion of the music leaders in intermountain communities have received training at the Church university. Professor

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Robertson has helped bring the finest in music instruction and concert rendition to the campus through the Brigham Young University Summer Musical Festival, with such world-famous artists as the Roth Quartet, Andor Foldes, and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Los Angeles under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein.

Among the advanced students in theory and counterpoint who are with Professor Robertson at the university is Crawford Gates, youthful composer who wrote the music for *Promised Valley*, lavish musical production of the Utah centennial celebration.

The musician's family of three daughters and one son show interesting evidence of their noted father's talent. Marian, twenty, is a cellist in the Utah Symphony and the Brigham Young University Symphony, and will be graduated from B.Y.U. this year. Renee, seventeen, is a violinist in the Provo High School orchestra and played in the state high school orchestra last year. Ten-year-old Karen is a piano student with some leanings toward composition, and six-year-old Jimmy completes the family musical circle as a violin pupil.

QUIET in nature, friendly, and with a deep humility, Leroy Robertson feels that the soul-lifting effect of his mountain environment has exerted a profound influence on his music, infusing it with a spiritual quality which a life in the "hothouse" surroundings of the world's music capitals might not have produced. While recognizing that intensive study is essential, he believes that a talent can reach its highest fruition in a life attuned to nature and things of the spirit.

"For any serious student of music," he says, "I should recommend the rare combination of Leichtertritt for sixteenth century music. Bloch for Bach, Toch for Mozart, and Schoenberg for Beethoven. I should also recommend a wife and family who are willing to sacrifice their own immediate desires for something they feel will ultimately bring them joy and satisfaction, and last, I should recommend a place to live where there are good friends and high mountains."

This, apparently, is the very pattern which produced a musical genius in Utah in this third generation since the Mormon pioneers.

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# The Salt Lake Tribune

# Your Page AND OURS

Reynolds, Georgia

Dear Editors:

JUST a word to thank you for such a magazine as the *Era*. Since we don't live near enough to any branch of the Church to contact other members, *The Improvement Era* is like a visit from the Authorities of the Church, and we thank God, and you for this wonderful messenger. . . .

Susie R. Cotney and Family

Ogden, Utah

Dear Editors:

THE *Era* is read from cover to cover, in our home. The July number was the best yet. Congratulations! We particularly enjoyed "Your Page and Ours," and are now better acquainted with some good authors. We know Dr. Stewart personally as a fine man, and say "Amen" to Elder S. Dilworth Young's sketch. We know Uncle Dil. He's been our beloved neighbor for the past nine years. We miss him, now.

It would be nice to read these sketches of our authors every month, on "Your Page and Ours."

Best wishes for the *Era*.

Yours truly,

Paul S. Bieler

New York 21, New York

Dear Editors:

ENCLOSED please find postal note for \$2.00. I would like to subscribe to *The Improvement Era* magazine for one year.

My husband and I are new members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Manhattan Ward. A sister kindly let us borrow several copies of the *Era*, and we have found the contents of each copy so greatly helpful and informative to us that we hope to have our own issues soon.

(signed) Mrs. Woodrow W. Ogle

Corinne, Utah

Dear Editors:

NEEDLESS to say I was thrilled to see my poem. I always consider it an honor, and to me it disproves that old saying, "a prophet in his own country, etc."

Would it be possible for you to give me the address of Elaine V. Emans? I see her poetry frequently in all the better magazines and it has such a warm, down-to-earth appeal, that I would like to write and tell her so. Would appreciate it very much if I could have her address.

Thank you.

Very sincerely,

Marijane Morris

Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear *Era* Editors:

BECAUSE this is the "Thank You" month of a year grown old, I want to thank each one and all of you, for your beautiful service in behalf of the youth of our Church, and not only do I thank you for our boys and girls, but for all of us who are years older.

As you serve, may your joy grow!

Sincerely,

Zelda Davis Howard

## ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

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DR. R. H. WALKER, author of "For the Security of Zion," which appeared in the December issue of *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, and dean of agriculture at Utah State Agricultural College, will head the international commission to improve the physical and financial welfare of the Siamese in Thailand (Siam). Dr. Walker will leave shortly after Christmas for Washington, D.C., to obtain final instructions from the United Nations food and agricultural organization. On New Year's Eve he will fly to London and thence to Bangkok, capital of Thailand.

"Did you hear about the elderly gentleman, ninety-seven years old—who said he didn't have an enemy in the world—he'd outlived them all?"

And then there's the story of the missionary who wanted all peoples to submit to a blood test, and then preach only to those whose test showed positive to the blood of Israel.

What a terrific din there'd be if we made as much noise when things go right as we do when they go wrong.

Thistles hurt unless grasped firmly. Problems are thistly sometimes.



The Gleaner girls of Bern Ward, Montpelier Stake, with the Gleaner leader.



In Castle Gate Ward, one hundred percent of all girls twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years of age enrolled. Builders and Bee Keeper on left, Gatherers and Bee Keeper on right. Guardian and Honor Bees are in the front row.—Submitted by Louise Anderson.





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